TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

It was rather startling to see a report adopted by the Toronto Presbytery alleging that among such hindrances to true religion as the liquor-traffic, Sunday labor and worldly amusements are found "secret societies and the Salvation Army," thus classing them with rum and avarice. Secret societies such as we have in Canada have done a vast deal of good, as nearly all of them are of a benevolent character, and attend to thousands of the poor whom the churches neglect. When the religious bodies are prepared to bury the dead of their brethren, care for the sick and provide for the widows and orphans of those who have lost their bread-winner, it will be time enough for them to commence railing against secret societies. I would not personally care to belong to the Salvation Army nor to join in their particular method of worship, but I would much prefer to shout glory on the streets and bang a drum and rattle a tambourine in the barracks than in a Presbytery or in the public press to sound the trumpet of narrow prejudice or clash the cymbals of uncharity. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal," and I would most respectfully call the attention of Rev. Mr. Frizzell, who presented the foregoing report, to the time-honored text I have just quoted. Such sayings as his do more harm to true religion than all the meetings of Freemasons, Oddfellows, A.O.U.W., Foresters, Royal Arcanum, K. of P., Golden Circle, Chosen Friends, I. P. H.'s and Emerald Associations which have taken place in a year. We may smile at the incongruous crowd that carry banners and shout hymns to the music of tambourines and drums, but we know—or if we don't know, by a little exertion we can find out—that the Salvation Army does much good in reclaiming drunkards and providing places and methods of worship suitable for those who do not feel inclined to show their rags and uncouthness in a fashionable place of worship. The thoughtful and sincere cannot even smile at utterances denunciatory of secret societies and the Salvation Army because of knowledge that such sayings do infinite harm. It is astounding to read in the daily papers that Rev. Mr. Frizzell's report was adopted. His name suggests what he would probably like to see done in the long hereafter to everyone who does not believe just as he does.

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At the same session of the Presbytery Rev. D. J. Macdonnell made a strong point by condemning a proposed movement of the Presbytery allying themselves with the Scott Act and temperance agitations. The liberal-minded and proper inclination to leave such matters to the individual judgment of citizens was in itself commendable. One gentleman was reported as saying that he thought alcohol better than coffee. Is it not a little strange that in such a body Rum could find a few friends, while secret societies and the Salvation Army, according to the press reports, were without a defender!

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The dismissal of City Solicitor McWilliams opens a wide field of discussion. For some time past his conduct has been peculiar, and his tenure of office maintained by most unusual methods. That it was so difficult to eject him should suggest to the City Council and the citizens generally that our method of appointing such officials is defective. It is as hard to unseat the most notoriously unsatisfactory occupant of a municipal office as it is to carry a by-law involving the expenditure of half a million dollars. The occupant of an office—particularly if like Mr. McWilliams he is a man who naturally attracts friends and is a hail fellow about town—when he gets firmly seated begins to acquire the idea that the place and its perquisites are his natural and inalienable right. After he becomes possessed of this notion he conducts himself as if he were the master and not the servant, all of which offensive attitude towards his employers was really what cost him his office. He is an able lawyer and understands the municipal statutes perhaps better than any other man in Canada, and had he not assumed such a dictatorial tone and, in appearance if not in fact, allied himself with those opposed to the expressed wish of the Council, much would have been forgiven which, on account of his stubborn aggressiveness, has been considered inexcusable.

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Appointments of this kind should be made for a term of years. If an official every four or five years had to come before the Council or people for re-election he would naturally guard himself against the mistakes of Mr. McWilliams. If he did not, it would be a much easier matter then than now for the Council to select from among the candidates a lawyer able to fill his place. As matters now stand, but few men have made a special study of municipal law, and the Aldermen fear to lose the services of an experienced man lest they suffer from the mistakes of his inexperienced successor. Ex-office holders are of great use to a country or city as critics of the conduct of their successors. With our present system we have so few experienced ex-office holders that we are almost at the mercy of the occupants of positions requiring special skill and training, though in the present instance the Council was fortunate enough to obtain an expert. With the term system this would be remedied.

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When it comes to the point of dismissing an official like Mr. McWilliams, a vast deal of sympathy is naturally excited on his behalf on the ground that he has been so long debarred from the general practice of his profession that he has unfitted himself for ordinary work. This should have no more weight than the claim that the man who has been in the Mayor's chair for two years should be left there forever because he may have no other business. Yet this sort of argument does much to influence the actions of such a body as the City Council. The better fellow an alderman is, the more heart and sympathy he has, the more is he disinclined to dismiss officials for incompetency or wrong-headedness. When a case comes before big, kind-hearted aldermen of a city official who is himself a kindly, generous man personally, as Mr. McWilliams is, it is exceedingly difficult for them to do their duty. A number of them were found ready to support Mr. McWilliams on no other ground. I cannot but admire the kindliness of their natures, but I do it at a sacrifice of my regard for their sense of duty.

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Mr. McWilliams has made it exceedingly hard for his friends. To their own detriment they have stood by him through thick and thin, and if he had assisted them he could have been City Solicitor to-day; but, with an astounding perverseness, he kept pounding his head against the bricks, and running to them for sympathy when he must have known and they must have known that his bruises were self-inflicted and his sorrows of his own making. In spite of all this, his friends feel sorry for him, and though I don't believe any of them have a greater personal liking for him than I have, yet I feel he has been treated exactly as he deserved.

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Mayor Clarke is a man with whom good-fellowship goes a long way. A great, big, good-hearted fellow, generous and manly, always true to his friends, it was alleged by his opponents during the last mayoralty campaign that he would be led aside from the path of duty by those very traits of character which make him so popular. The McWilliams case has proven that as Mayor he adheres to his duty, even if his personal friends have to suffer. This is as it should be. No one who is a friend of Ned Clarke will ever think of asking Mayor Clarke to do anything wrong, nor will the friends of Mr. McWilliams feel like reproaching the Mayor for doing right. It is pretty safe to trust a manly man, and I share the pride and gratification which Mayor Clarke's friends must feel when in the first real crisis of his administration he proves himself so worthy of confidence.

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Mr. Hunter's cartoon on the 10th page, Canada's Don Quixote, represents the chivalrous attack of Col. George T. Denison on the windmill of Commercial Union. Everyone knows so well the story of the knight of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, and how the redoubtable warrior fought with a windmill, that the picture needs no explanation. The tank, as Col. Denison saw fit to state it, represents the absorptive powers of the original Thirteen American Colonies, while John Bull's valise is very suggestive of an equally acquisitive nature on the part of the nation we all love so well. The attitude of Oliver and John, who, as small boys, are watching with intense interest the effect of Col. Denison's charge, could not possibly be funnier.

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Coming home from New York last Sunday night, there were three newly-married couples in the Pullman coach, and it did not take five minutes to discover their whereabouts. The man half of one of the couples had a mug on him ugly enough to stop a clock, but it didn't seem to make a particle of difference to the sweet girl whose pretty face was snuggled up on the shoulder of beef which filled her side of his coat. How is it that when love's young dream has just been realized, it is so demonstrative and exuberant? The tender companionship seems to be such a delight that the young couple cannot have too much of it and sit holding one another's hand, or insist on having the feminine head pillowed on the masculine bosom. Some of their capers made me laugh, and the publicity of their endearments made me tired, but the beautiful fact of the possibility of a loving companionship struck me as being the chief thing that should impress us while watching the billing and cooing of those who think they have found that which will complete their lives. In not being ashamed to show their affection, they are acting naturally. Love with them has not yet been given a place inferior to the desire for the approbation of others. The young man is not looking around the car and wondering what impression he is making on the pretty girls in the front seat; the blushing bride has not yet begun to seek the admiration of the men whose bold eyes are a compliment to nothing but her beauty. Is it not a pity that this sort of thing should change? and that love, which is so hot and strong, should so soon burn to waste!

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If married folk could only keep on loving in that way how happy they would be! Sometimes they do, and in the none too frequent examples of perfect marital bliss it is the survival of the tender, complete and satisfying companionship which made people laugh when in the first days of married life they could not let go of each other's hands. As a rule it does not take them long to weary of hand-holding and caresses, and while at first they did not care how many people knew they loved they often go so far in the other direction that by and by they are utterly indifferent as to how many know they hate each other.

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Public exhibitions of uxoriousness are in exceedingly bad taste and it frequently happens that the disregard of publicopinion which causes them will under opposite conditions expose the family row or the passionate difference of opinion to the vulgar gaze. We dream of ideal lives and household angels and long for floods of tenderness and passionate love and endless devotion, but when we begin to figure it out, it is found that after all we have to place our reliance and the hope of conjugal happiness on the love-me-little-love-me-long sort, the chief charm of which is that it knows how to behave itself.

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There is fierce excitement among the young lady students of the Iowa Wesleyan University. In that institution the rules insist that they shall wear a short blue skirt and blouse waist, trimmed with gold braid and brass buttons in order that the difference between the rich and poor students shall not be made conspicuous by their dress, and in the second place to give the school a semi-military character. In pursuance of the latter idea Major Dinwiddy is in charge of the discipline and is their drill master. The girls who were at first immensely tickled with the idea of the cute blue uniforms, were the other day panic-stricken when ordered by the Major to discard their corsets and busties. This cruel and tyrannical edict aroused rebellion at once, but the old Major was inexorable and his order had to be complied with, though most of his fair cadets daily revenge themselves on him by making faces at him behind his back. It is seldom that a young ladies' college adopts such sensible discipline, and if I had any girls to send to school I would put them in charge of the bustle-and-corset-hating Major.

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The spring professional examinations of the College of Physicians and Surgeons are now being held, and an immense number of students are undergoing the ordeal. It would seem that Canada has enough doctor ready, for every village, town, and city has one on almost every corner; but still the boys from the farms—for medical students are mainly from the country—are rushing forward as healers of the nation. The number of doctors we have in Canada by no means represents the out-put of our colleges. The Dominion export of doctors is something wonderful, and there is hardly a county in the American Union that has not a doctor with a Canadian diploma.

DON.

JEALOUSY.

"Papa, What Would You Take For Me?"

At the New York Conference last week, Chaplain C. C. McCabe sang a song which he said was written by a man who had lost his little daughter. When he had finished, there was hardly a dry eye in the house, and many men and women were sobbing aloud.

She was ready for sleep, and she lay on my arm
In her little frilled cap so fine,
With her golden hair falling out at the edge
Like a circle of noon sunshine;
And I hummed the old tune of "Banbury Cross,"
And "three men who put out to sea,"
When she sleepily said, as she closed her blue eyes:
"Papa, what would you take for me?"

And I answered, "A dollar, dear little heart,"
And she slept, baby weary with play,
And I held her warm in my love-strong arms,
And I rocked her and rocked away.
O, the dollar meant all the world to me,
The land and the sea and the sky,
The lowest depth of the lowest place,
The highest of all that's high.

All the cities with streets and palaces,
With their pictures and stores of art,
I would not take for one low soft throb
Of my little one's loving heart;
Nor all the gold that was ever found
In the busy wealth-finding past,
Would I take for one smile of my darling's face,
Did I know it must be the last.

So I rocked my baby, and rocked away;
She was weary and sleepy with play,
And I held her warm in my love strong arms,
And I rocked her and rocked away,
And I hummed and hummed and hummed away,
How much, O, how much would it be!
When she sleepily said, as she closed her blue eyes:
"Papa, what would you take for me?"

And the morning came, and my babe was as white
As the pillow on which she lay,
For the angels came in the dark midnight
And they bore my darling away;
And I bowed my head and thought of those
Who dwell far over the sea,
Who hear not the voice of the blessed Christ:
"Let the little ones come unto me."

So I laid my baby to rest at last
In the churchyard, so lonely and cold,
But I know that she now is with God on high
And she's walking the streets of gold,
And I gave my wealth that all might hear
The words that so comforted me,
For so many are the hearts that are weary and sad
Yonder, over the restless sea.

The first week after Easter has been well-nigh as Lenten as any week in Lent itself There have been absolutely no social events of any importance. One consequence of the deadness of things social has been an extensive patronage by society of the theater, and the management of the Jim the Penman company may consider that their visit was luckily timed. It was a pity that none of the many kindly *grandes dames* of Toronto realized that Easter Monday offered them an excellent opportunity for one of those afternoon entertainments for which they are noted. Though not universally, the day was very generally observed as a holiday. Out of doors there was very little chance of amusement, since winter sports are over, and it is yet too early even for riding with any comfort. Many a man therefore felt the holiday a bore rather than a blessing and any hostess who tried the experiment, would have found none of the customary difficulty in getting men to come to her house in the afternoon. On Monday evening many fashionable people attended the Grand Opera House. Theater parties were given by Mrs. Torrance and by Mr. Harvey Gamble, and a galaxy of beauty filled boxes and many orchestra chairs. In the stage box was the son of the author, Sir Charles Young with Lady Young, and elsewhere I noticed Mr. and Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Melford Boulton, Mr. Small, Miss Small.

Mrs. Charles Riordon has issued cards for an At Home on the evening of Thursday of next week. The bidding of so popular a hostess will no doubt bring many people to the Queen's park on that night.

On the following day, Friday, Mrs. Cattenach gives an afternoon At Home on St. George street, and as the much-talked-of ball at Mrs. John Cawthra's takes place on Tuesday, things may be said to be brightening up a little, and there will be more events to discuss in these columns next week. Still the number of fixtures does not at present show any signs of coming up to the expectations of the many who hoped for a regular post-Lenten season, and great is the disappointment thereat. There was such a verve and go about the parties this winter, they were almost without exception so thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated, that people are loath to believe there will be but few more, and as I said last week, no end of gratitude will fall to the share of any hostesses who now throw themselves into the breach. The season for weddings is at hand and will soon be here, a few of the opportunities which a ball always affords are all that is wanted to add to the number of happy pairs whom the month of May and June will see united. Even if not followed by so early a consummation—since long engagements seem to be the fashion—yet as has been already seen, this is the season par excellence for betrothals,—the season when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." and I am assured that many a passion uncooled by the chill and fasting of Lent needs now but an occasion for its declaration.

Since writing the above lament at the quietness of things social, I hear that Justice and Mrs. Osler have sent out cards for a dance at their house on Avenue street on the 19th. This is good news for society. After so long an abstinence, many feet are anxious for the valse.

Rehearsals for Mrs. Vernon's minuet, under the direction of Mrs. Morrison, have commenced. More than one has been held at Government House this week. When the work of the evening is over, the performers sup sumptuously, and lest in their efforts to learn the puzzling and difficult step of the stately minuet, they should forget the dance which is its exact contrary, one or two valses are enjoyed. Chivalrous, graceful, dignified as were the dances of our great grandfathers, in the minds of the present generation they cannot compare with the dance of the nineteenth century, our inspiriting, intoxicating valse. This, however, is from the point of view of the dancers themselves; one valses for one's own enjoyment, frequently regardless of one's appearance. As a spectacular dance, the minuet is unrivalled.

A walking party was planned by the Misses Wilkes for Good Friday afternoon—an excellent idea for whiling away a holiday which is likely to prove irksome; but owing to the inclement weather the walk was abandoned, and the party remained at Thistledale, the residence of Mrs. Wilkes, and spent a pleasant time. Among the pedestrians I noticed wending their way towards Bloor street were the Misses Kennedy, Miss M. Simpson, Miss Peard, Miss Williams, the Misses Taylor, the Misses Withrow, Mr. Peard, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Foster, Mr. Parks, Mr. Johnson, Dr. Moore and Mr. Banks.

Last Tuesday Rev. Dr. Thomas of Jarvis street Baptist church returned to the city from his wedding tour to several American cities bringing with him his bride, formerly Miss Bevan of Pittston, Pa., to whom he was married on the 15th ult. In the evening they were the subjects of a reception given in the lecture-room of the church, which was tastefully decorated with flowers, where the couple received the warm congratulations and welcome of some hundreds of people, principally members and adherents of Dr. Thomas' congregation. Music and conversation occupied the evening, which though quite informal was thoroughly enjoyable. Mrs. Thomas is a lady of prepossessing appearance and on her introduction to Toronto created a favorable impression.

Mrs. Matheson and Miss Matheson of Ontario street leave for New York, their future home, the end of this month.

Sir Charles Young came up this week from Brockville to be present at the first performance in Toronto of his father's play. Sir Charles is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Townsend, on College avenue.

The Hon. George and Mrs. Kirkpatrick left Chestnut Park and Toronto on Wednesday for Ottawa, where they are to reside for the remainder of the season.

Sir Alexander Campbell and Miss Marjorie Campbell left Government House on Monday for a stay of some weeks at Washington, D. C.

A face which society knows well has reappeared temporarily in Toronto. Mr. Currie has come down from the Northwest for a few weeks' stay, and is the guest of Mr. Hamilton Merritt, on St. George street.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons' return visit to Association hall on Tuesday night was even more successful than her appearance in November last. On this occasion, however, an additional attraction was announced in the pianoforte recitals by Mr. Henry Waller, the adopted son of Mrs. Siddons. That Mrs. Siddons has a firm hold upon the lovers of the higher and more elevating class of evening entertainments in Toronto is evidenced by the fact that fifteen minutes before the entertainment commenced the ticket sellers threw up their hands and announced that every seat had been sold. Even this announcement did not discourage many ladies who took standing room tickets and gracefully leaned against the calsomined walls of the hall for two whole hours, and it was not until the last notes of the concluding musical selection had died away that they showed any inclination to leave. The audience was probably the most fashionable that the walls of this hall have surrounded during its brief career, numerous "theater parties" being noticed. At the conclusion of the performance Mrs. Siddons held an informal reception in her dressing-room where she received the congratulations of her admirers, the ladies especially being enthusiastic. With her customary kindness, after the hall had been vacated by the audience, Mrs. Siddons returned as one of a small and select audience to listen to the maiden effort of a prominent young lady of the city who has been for some time studying the elocutionary art. Mrs. Siddons gracefully complimented the fair debutante and proffered several valuable hints. Of the programme proper little need be said other than that it was specially arranged by Mrs. Siddons and contained that variation of subject from gay to grave, and then to gay again, that prohibited the possibility of the audience becoming wearied. The piano recitals by Mr. Henry Waller are worthy of more than passing notice. A programme embracing numbers from Chopin, Liszt, and Rubenstein must necessarily tax the abilities and confidence of the most experienced artist. Mr. Waller, however, fully justified the anticipations which had been formed and completely captured his audience, being compelled, evidently against his will, to respond to a most vociferous encore. He is young, but with brilliant execution and thorough knowledge of his art is bound to make a reputation for himself. Mrs. Siddons was delighted at his success, and highly complimented him at the close of the performance.

Personal.

Miss Jessie Burns, 18 Division street, has returned home from a visit to friends in Buffalo.

The Busy Bee club will hold an Easter sale at the Infants' Home, St Mary's street, on Monday, both afternoon and evening.

The associated artists held a very successful reception in their rooms in the Yonge street Arcade on Thursday afternoon and evening.

Rev. John Langtry, who spent several months on the continent last year, lectures in St. Luke's school room on Monday evening on A Month in Italy.

An enjoyable parlor concert was held Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Bender, 82 John street, with Rev. Mr. Genzmer in the chair. A choice programme of vocal and instrumental music was carried out, the contributors being Miss Fowler, Mr. Moule, Mr. Richmond, Miss McIntosh, Mr. Reimers, and the Misses Bender. The Golden Wedding, a vocal duett by Mr. Reimers and Miss A. Bender was specially worthy of note. About one hundred people were present, and a good collection was taken up.

Dr. Edmund E. King of Toronto was married on Monday last to Miss Belle Ott, daughter of Mr. Franklin Ott of Brantford. The ceremony took place at the Congregational church, Brantford, which was crowded with relatives and friends of the contracting parties. The bride was attired in a most becoming costume of cream satin, bodice and princess train of the same material, and wore a long tulle veil fastened to her hair by a spray of white lilac and myrtle blossoms. The corsage was high, fitting closely about the neck. The skirt was very plain, the front being relieved by white jet trimming. She wore a corsage bouquet of white lilacs and roses, and carried a lovely bunch of bridal roses in her hand. Her bridesmaids, Miss Corinne King, sister of the bridegroom, Miss Wisner and Miss Louise Ott, were also attired in handsome costumes, while the profuse and elegant floral decorations were never before equalled in the church. Dr. King was supported by Dr. McDonagh of Toronto. Rev. Dr. Wild of Toronto officiated. After the ceremony the numerous invited guests assembled at the residence of the bride's father, where a reception and dejeuner followed, the bridal pair afterwards leaving on the four o'clock train to spend the honeymoon in Detroit.

Music.

The week, musically speaking, has been of slight interest, a few Good Friday concerts and some minor events filling the measure, with the exception of the concert given by Mr. Torrington's orchestra.

On Good Friday evening Shaftesbury Hall was crowded to the doors, on the occasion of the concert given by the Foresters. The usual prominence was afforded to the comic element in the programme, and the efforts of Messrs. Ramsay and McKay in this department met with their accustomed reception, encores being freely called for and as freely granted. The more artistic parts of the programme were rendered with more or less success. Messrs. Richards, Thomas and von Reinolt were the other gentlemen who appeared as vocalists, and were well received. The ladies who sang were Miss Harrita L. Cheney and Miss Kate C. Strong. Miss Cheney sang The Vespér Hour, her clear sweet tones compelling admiration, and of course the inevitable encores. Miss Strong on this occasion made her first important Toronto appearance, and speedily found favor with the audience. She has a fine, sonorous, mezzo-soprano voice, and sings with feeling and in good style, to which advantages she adds that of a fine presence. Her songs were the Guards' Waltz and the Three Wishes, and the encore fiend succeeded in eliciting Half Past Kissing Time.

The orchestral concert was attended by a large and brilliant audience, and was one of the greatest successes of the season. The late day at which it occurred precludes a notice of it in this week's issue, but our musical friends may look for a proper account of it next week. METRONOME.

MUSIC NOTES.

Madame Adelina Patti is in Lisbon at present, and sang at a charity concert recently. The King and Queen of Portugal were present, and sent for the diva to offer her their personal congratulations. The Queen also presented her with a large photograph, on which was inscribed a charming dedication in Her Majesty's own autograph.

Madame Minnie Hauk is quite well again, and has been singing with immense success at Strasburg. She is now at Wiesbaden and goes thence to Copenhagen.

Since the days of George Sand, says the *St. James' Gazette*, the operatic tenor has invariably been regarded as a romantic personage. The career of M. Bernard, the new tenor of the Paris Opera, bears out the tradition to the full. Two years ago he was a working carpenter in Toulon; now he struts upon the stage of the Grand Opera. He was discovered in a properly romantic fashion, also. M. Hartmann, the musical publisher, was passing along the streets of Toulon and heard Bernard caroling gleefully as he worked at his bench. Struck with the singular beauty of the singer's voice, M. Hartmann made inquiries on the spot, and engaged his newly found tenor to appear in the Herodiade, which at the time was in rehearsal at Toulon. Since then, M. Bernard has studied at Naples and Milan, and has made good his lack of musical knowledge. When first engaged by M. Hartmann, he confessed that he did not know a single note of music.

The Way of the World.

The world is cold and selfish, boy,
As far as friendly aid is concerned;
No helping hand it offers you
Until its acklе praise you've earned;
Until you've mastered work, my boy,
And faithful proved in deed and truth,
In spite of barriers in your way,
As well becomes your earnest youth.

The grim old world will jog along,
And never spare to you a thought;
A unit only 'mid the throng,
You'd scarce be missed if you were not;
Unless your work, perchance, some day
Might to old Mammon's hoarded store
Of wealth and wisdom get a tithe,
Or treasured gem of classic lore.

So you must sweat, and toil and strive,
Unaided, and the world looks on
With cool indifference the while,
Until Dame Fortune's smiles are won.
And then 'twill stretch its hands to you,
When least you need its kindly aid,
With many a promise fair and true,
In colors temptingly displayed.

Ah! many lives are wrecked and lost
Beneath the old world's chilling frown,
That might have been a valiant host,
Had not the star of hope gone down.
Because the world held back its praise,
Till they a grander name might bear,
And so life's feeble, flickering rays,
Went out in darkness and despair.

—*Ida L. Reed.*

Spring Opening.

On Wednesday SATURDAY NIGHT was telephoned for, to view a scene such as is not seen very often.

The new firm of H. S. Morison & Co., succeeding J. Pittman & Co., opened their show rooms to the public and the ladies all seem to have been aware of the fact, for they were there in great numbers. Every Yonge street car stopped at the corner of Albert street while the roadway was blocked with carriages during the whole afternoon. The principal attractions seemed to be the new mantle show room, and the new spring jackets in all colors, shapes and sizes, wraps in silk, lace and jet, long cloaks and short cloaks were tastefully displayed in endless variety. The walls and mirrors were beautifully draped with laces, plushes and parasols, while four panels were adorned by very handsome pictures. Tidy & Sons' greenhouses contributed largely to the adornment of the room, in fact, of the whole store, for not only were pots of rare plants placed in every available space but all the members of the staff wore bouquets of choice roses.

Many expressions of surprise were heard at the prices, all goods being marked in plain figures, while all must have been delighted with the vast display of choice goods, and particularly with the patience and courtesy of the large and obliging staff of attendants.

Messrs. H. S. Morison & Co. have on their opening made an impression which augurs well for their future popularity.

Collecting Money.

Husband (to wife)—I've been out half the day trying to collect money, and I'm mad enough to break the furniture. It beats all how some men will put off and put off. A man who owes money and won't pay it, isn't fit to associate—

Servant (opening the door)—The butcher, sorr, is down stairs with his bill.

Husband—Tell him to call again.

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And other complicated watches my forte.
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On Wednesday, March 28th, Mrs. Smiley will be prepared to show a choice selection of French, English and American Millinery, together with leading Novelties in Dress Goods, Trimmings, etc.

Her Dressmaker, who has just returned from Paris and New York will be in waiting to receive orders on and after that date.

Have you been at
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Cut Glass Table Sets, fine assortment,
Table Ornaments, fine variety,
Breakfast, Dinner and Dessert Sets,
Joseph Rodgers & Sons' Cutlery,
Silverplated Knives, Forks and Spoons,
Tea Trays, Crumb Trays and Dish Mats,
Fairy Lights, a large assortment,
Old Chipendale Grandfather Clocks.

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THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

THE BETTER PLAN.

When'er I ask my husband dear
For such a dress to buy,
Or hat, his face becomes austere,
And anger lights his eye.
Why should I have to humbly crave
From him what is my due?

Were I a mendicant or slave,
This course I might pursue;
I'll ask for cash from him no more,
And this resolve I'll keep;
Instead his pockets I'll explore
At night when he's asleep.

—*Society.*

A discussion has arisen in English society over the employment of gentlewomen as nurses. Of course I mean children's nurses. Nobody nowadays questions the propriety or dignity of the qualified sick-nurse. Nobody nowadays refuses to accord to her the honor which is due. And yet it is but a few years since the fact of any gentlewoman adopting such a means of livelihood would have raised quite as great a storm of opprobrious comment as does the present cause of discussion.

There can be but one opinion as to the very great advantage to the mother in having her children constantly associated with a person of refinement, education and intelligence.

It is equally true that however disagreeable the duties devolving upon the domestic nurse they could never equal in repulsiveness those which are incumbent upon members of the hospital staff. Many of these duties it would be within the power of the nurse herself to remove or ameliorate.

Perhaps the two most objectionable features of the project, in the eyes of gentlewomen, would be the possibility of having to wheel a baby carriage, and the loss of caste for the pioneers of the movement. Still, I cannot see wherein it is more degrading to wheel a baby's than an invalid's carriage, or to wait upon a clean and healthy little baby than to perform the tasks everybody knows are necessary in attending typhoid or paralytic patients.

In the loss of caste every young girl will picture to herself the destruction of her natural and praiseworthy ambition to be herself a wife and a mother. It is true that men of refinement and education have not, in the past, sought their affinities in the ranks of nurses. The reason is a palpable one.

There is not a great amount of marrying in the ranks of any trade or profession which women of education enter, because, in the same walks of life, the woman is generally much more cultured than the man, and women as a rule, prefer to rise in marrying. Those in offices have little or no opportunity of meeting the class of men they would prefer to marry, for the same reason which drives the majority of them to earn their living in public places, viz., lack of means. A woman who earns a limited salary can neither entertain nor accept entertainment.

The domestic nurse of the future, after people have become accustomed to the innovation, and if treated with the consideration due to her education, would possess many opportunities and advantages in this respect, which are denied to her commercially employed sisters.

But I would say to every woman who thinks of adopting this profession, know thyself, for to you may come all the duties and responsibilities of a mother without the pride and pleasure of possession, and no woman can be too self-controlled, too innately refined or too cultivated for what is, in my opinion, a position of such responsibility as to call for a high degree of intelligence.

Among all the spring fabrics stripes predominate largely. Draperies are so arranged as to have the stripes cross diagonally, while in the bodice they form a series of down-pointing lines in V shape, neatly joined together in the center seams.

One dress, at least, made in classic style is now considered an essential part of every lady's wardrobe. Figured muslins made in this way, with the drapery carried from the skirt to the shoulder, are exceedingly simple and girlish. Another material which promises to be very much favored for bridesmaids' and ordinary evening wear, and which drapes artistically is to be found in the new and lovely Swiss muslins embroidered in white or colored washing silks. They are exquisitely soft and pretty and renew their charms with every washing.

Jackets are of the jauntiest make and are, for the most part, elaborately braided.

Gainsborough hats still continue in favor and are heavily trimmed with feathers. It must be confessed they are generally becoming. The trimming on bonnets may be laid in narrow folds from the immediate front to the crown, and completed by a high, narrow bow on the top.

Tea gowns are outstripping dinner dresses in popularity. As they are made of materials equally as costly and elegant, it is hard to tell wherein lies the distinction. The latest designs have long, pointed sleeves, which have a particularly elegant effect. They are generally lined with rich satins, and may be entirely different in color or material from the dress. As they open from the shoulder, it is necessary to wear undersleeves of lace, crepe or muslin. A very handsome gown, suitable for a person of middle age, might be made of black satin or plush, with sleeves of silver brocade lined with heliotrope or peachbloom satin. Combinations of heavy materials, such as plush or velvet, with tulle or crepe, are most popular.

The size and quality of the ribbons used to tie posies, (there posies now, not bouquets,) must add considerably to their cost. Wide soft sash ribbons and wide strips of velvet are most employed, and these are generally of two shades to match the prominent colors among the flowers.

Wash the hair with sulphur soap to restore color and vitality.

Amongst the new spring colors are a vivid shade of light green called "new grass" and a peculiar greenish grey which has been christened "new bark." This blends beautifully with pink and a rich shade of red, between crimson and rose-pink, styled "crushed raspberry."

A more than ordinarily handsome costume worn at a recent At Home was of shades of violet with steel passementerie. The underskirt of deep violet velvet was quite devoid of trimming. Over this fell a drapery of moire antique, approaching heliotrope in shade, looped with broad straps of steel embroidered galloon. The bodice of moire was clasped with antique cut steel clasps over a front of violet tulle. Bracelets, necklace and other ornaments were of the same metal, elaborately cut, and almost rivalling diamonds in brilliancy.

Somebody has been complaining of the lack of gallantry in the bearing of the men of nowadays toward the women of their acquaintance, and eulogizing the "delicate and subtle deference which every gentleman paid to woman" in the past. I do not think the incense burning of the past betokened any greater degree of respect than the unspoken but ever present regard of to-day. To be placed on a pedestal and assured that your feet were of gold when you know positively that they were only of wood would be trying to any woman of average honesty and equally unflattering to her intelligence. And I can confidently assert that were the gentlemen of the olden time able to compare the wide-eyed bewilderment of the grandmother on leaving such topics as those of embroidery and compliment, with the innocent yet sparkling conversational powers of the granddaughter, he would desert without apology the gentle twaddler for her whose talk is:

".....like a stream that runs,
With rapid change from rocks to roses,
Passes from politics to puns;
Slips from Mahomet to Moses,
Beginning with the laws that keep
The radiant planets in their courses
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses."

—NUOVA AULA.

(Un-)Civil Service Reform.

Of that unspeakable domestic trouble, "the servant-girl question," we propose in this paper to speak briefly, and we do so with some reluctance, as it will doubtless be affirmed that to the masculine mind the difficulty is one which, if it can be said to exist at all, can be settled off-hand, and when thus summarily disposed of will to the mind, no doubt, of the other sex remain as much of a problem as ever. Well, let us see! At the outset we will grant that in the world's modern Eden of housekeeping there must enter the spirit of service; and the matter to be settled is whether this spirit, in the present economy of things, can be made a good and not an evil one—whether, in short, the presiding genius of the kitchen shall be a saint or a sinner. At the end of all dubitations on this subject we shall probably find her to be neither, but a mixture of the two, with perhaps a lurking disposition to be a sinner. Our first postulate is, that there must be some sort of system in the management of servants, as there must be some sort of system in the management of everything human. And here this word "human," by the way, comes fitly before us, for of all things we are apt to forget, perhaps the most forgettable is this, *that servants are human.* Bearing the fact in mind, rather than ignoring it, we shall find ourselves making an appreciable advance towards a solution of the difficulty, for what remains of the problem concerns itself, first with the way in which servants are taught, and secondly, in the way in which they are handled; and herein lies the whole secret of the matter.

Before going further, let us see (1) what we want in the ideal servant, and (2) what it is our housekeepers as a rule have to put up with in the failures and disappointments of the class. Under the first head we want most of all capable servants, those who know at least something of their duties and are not above their station in faithfully performing them. In the rendering of this service it is equally essential that, as an authority has laid down, they shall be "clean, active, cheery and willing." It will add to the priceleassness of such gifts if our domestics have no false pride, know their place and keep it, and are rarely or never out of temper. Their manners should be good, their appearance modest, and their ways quiet and unassuming. Is it too much to ask that, with all these qualifications, their voices shall be pleasing, and that they shall be able, without affectation or pedantry, to make a good and fair use of Her Majesty's English? "No, querulous reader," (we are divining your thoughts, you see!) "we are not mistaking the maid for the mistress." We are simply enumerating the gifts and qualities of the typical domestic, whom, having known and had the good fortune to receive for many a day her service and tendance, we have treated and had her treated as one woman would or ought to treat another, and have never made her feel "the sting of paid inferiority." Nor, as the result of this treatment, and of the recognition of what was due to her in her sphere, as a woman with a heart and human feelings, was there on *her* part any forgetfulness of what was equally due to master and mistress or any lack of becoming respect and deference.

Now for the other "sweet picture," the unideal servant, and is there need to describe the Protean forms which she, in her heedlessness, assumes? Where two mistresses meet, is she not the tongue-loosening theme of every colloquy, and is her portrait not limned for us with every attribute of the Evil One? With every dropping-in mistress of a household to join in the chorus of detraction, do we not find the catalogue lengthened of her errors and defects, and are not many stones then added to the monumental cairn that domestic charity rears to her precious memory? Do you ask: "Can we compress into a sentence the realistic record of the unspeakable shortcomings of one of those domestic drudges?" And we answer: "Yes, it might be attempted; but *cui bono?*" Why should we further defame the repute of "the worthless servant?" Besides, is not her character her all, and whatever it is, shall we be the one to asperse it? Do we forget that, for many such, life is but a ceaseless round of cooking, dish-washing, scrubbing, sweeping and dusting, with the weekly exhilaration of a day at the wash-tub and the morrow spent in the festivities of ironing? Saucy, idle, uncleanly and untruthful she may be; but are these not the mere surface defects of training, or rather the want of training, just as we find the same vices showing in the ignorant and untutored, of whatever sex or nation? Untrained as we find her, need we say that she is not alone responsible for this, any more than, without counsel or the showing her how, she is responsible for having acquired, it may be, an inveterate habit of staying out late at nights, or for being heathenishly ignorant of the art of waiting at table. Remembering all her defects, and the domestic worries that result from them, is she not better than—without care or heed from us, we have a right to expect; and do not the most maligned of the class, in the service they *are* able to render, relieve us of much that is hard and disagreeable in the duties of the home? Surely this, at least, will be conceded, and, conceding it, we shall have done some measure of justice to one element at any rate in this perplexing subject.

We have ventured to remark that the solution of this world-wide domestic problem is to be found (1) in the way in which servants are taught, and (2), in the way in which they are handled. For a moment let us examine both of these statements. And first let us lay down the axiom that the preliminary requisite of a good servant is a good mistress. Unless there be a fair measure of competence in the head of the establishment for the duties of housekeeping, the chances are that the domestic machine will not run smoothly, nor will a mistress have that command of the situation which is essential to the good management of the home. We do not mean, of course, that the whole duty of life for a lady is to "break in" raw servants, or to do more than her lord finds its advantageous to do when he engages a clerk, and knowing what he requires of him, gives him such directions as will teach him his duties, while he maintains an occasional supervision over him to see that these duties are faithfully and satisfactorily performed. In large establishments, it is more than probable that the duty of "breaking in" a clerk will be delegated to another; and the same, possibly without prejudice, may be done in the home. But, in the case of the clerk, the chances are that the master is familiar with the work which the employee has been set to do, and a like knowledge of the duties of the maid is postulated in the case of the mistress. If the latter has the knowledge, which, in the case of many young matrons setting out in their earliest attempts at housekeeping, is far from common, then will the domestic machine be likely to work smoothly, and less often will be heard the wail of the sex that the woman-heart is breaking because the divinity of the home "cannot keep her servants." Need we say, however, that soon will the maid know when the mistress has not that knowledge; and, lacking it, with what celerity and disaster, in the domestic as in the municipal sphere, will "the strings begin to hang loose!"

Very pathetic are the trials of the young gentlewoman housekeeper, who, though ignorant of her duties, sets herself zealously but timidly to acquire them. If she has sense as well as humor, it may not quite be the ruin of her husband if, for the time being, she may not know "a dish-rag from a dish-pan;" nor will it do more than cover her with temporary confusion, when with a full but confident heart she gives her first order to her butcher for "a piece of *stuffed* veal." Perhaps more serious later on may be the consequences of heedlessness—say, when the first baby comes—should she, in preparing the infantile supper, mistake the tooth-powder for Nestle's Food; or, in a disturbed slumber by its side, suffer the sweet cherub to fall out of bed. Before her maid, however, it will not be safe to make more mistakes than she can possibly avoid, unless she deliberately seeks to abdicate office and to hand over to the satrapy of the kitchen the sceptre of her sway. The more speedily she herself learns her duties, the less chance will there be of the maid scoffing at the mistress, or, aware of her ignorance, taking a subordinate's advantage of the fact. Once the duties are acquired, then may the mistress feel at ease about her servants, for she will now, in reality, be head of her household, and in a position to command that service which she desires, and whatever else an intimate knowledge of what has to be done, added to her own womanly tact, will teach her how best to secure. In the varied service of the home she will then see where anything is amiss and know how to have it rectified, and, herself taking interest in the work, if it be but to direct it, will obtain its faithful and proper performance.

But the practical question has yet to be dealt with. Will mistresses nowadays take the trouble to teach their domestics, or will they go on expecting competent and faithful service from only heaven-born cooks and housemaids? If they will not take the trouble, must not society continue to reap its heritage of domestic woe, for which indifference, we might almost say alone, is responsible, and which might be largely averted did each head of a home individually do her duty? It is much the same, we fear, with the bringing up of children, which modern motherhood, in sharp contrast to the rule in bygone days, now relegates too much to the governess and to the school. This may seem an old-fashioned view of things, but if it be so, can it be doubted that the old ways in this matter were the best? But here competence, again, will be a requisite; and we shall perhaps only frighten the young matron of to-day if we ask that more brains shall be put into the service of the home, whether it be in the way of teaching servants or of instructing children. Only thus, however, shall we realize the true womanly ideal of a mother and the manager of a home, and do something towards settling the question of "(un-)civil service reform."

But the mere knowledge of what has to be done in the home and the ability, on occasion, to impart that knowledge, are not everything. Much will depend on the material one has to work with, and on the happy union of faculties which enables a mistress at all times to win good service. Praise, it should never be forgotten, is a powerful instrument in governing. Without this lubricator, the best of us are apt "to weary in well-doing." Even when you have to reprove, reproof should, if possible, be tempered with commendation. A considerate regard for a servant's feelings is rarely lost at any time; while a kind word, fitly spoken, will smooth many a difficulty. Nor, in contact with our servants, should we defer too much to the fear of familiarity in bidding them a daily "good morning," or in occasionally making an interested inquiry about their personal welfare. That so many domestics live in a state of chronic resentment with their mistresses is largely due to the failure of the latter to feel for, or to manifest toward, them the slightest human interest. There is need of a change in this respect, and of a return to more simplicity of living, with less aversion on the part of women to the honorable though exacting duties of the home. When this change comes about, then shall we hear less of the perplexities of the servant-girl question, and the world will be fairer and happier for all.

CERMER MADA.

MR. J. B. MOORE. DR. J. B. ANGELL. HON. SIR C. TUPPER. MR. J. H. G. BERGNE.

HON. SIR LIONEL SACKVILLE WEST, British Minister. MR. W. LE B. PUTNAM, Se ond American Plenipotentiary. HON. T. F. BAYARD, American Secretary of State. RIGHT HON. J. CHAMBERLAIN, M. P., Chief British Plenipotentiary.

The Fishery Conference.

The Fishery Conference.

The recent termination of the negotiations at Washington, in connection with the fishery question, affords a good opportunity for presenting portraits of the Plenipotentiaries on both sides, and the leading members of their staff. These were the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.; the Hon. Sir Lionel Sackville-West, K.C.M.G., her Majesty's Minister to the United States, with their secretary and assistant secretary, Mr. J. H. G. Bergne, C.M.G., Superintendent of the Treaty Department, and Mr. Willoughby Maycock of the Commercial Department; the three American Plenipotentiaries, namely, the Hon. T. F. Bayard, Secretary of State to the Federal Government of the United States, Mr. W. Le B. Putnam and Dr. J. B. Angell; Mr. J. B. Moore, Protocolist for their service, and the Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, acting as third British Plenipotentiary. The portraits are from a photograph taken by Mr. Rice of Washington.

Henry Bergh.

Henry Bergh, who died recently in New York, was known far and wide as the founder of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and as a philanthropist. He was born in New York in the Year 1823. His father was Christian Bergh, a wealthy man, the leading American shipbuilder of his time. He was a native of the Empire State and a long-time resident of New York city, which deeply mourned his loss, when, at the age of eighty-three, he departed this life. He owned a considerable tract of land bordering on the East River, in what is now the Seventh ward, and at the foot of Gouverneur street, in 1810, started his shipyard.

Funny Fancies.

"I hear that you are engaged, Mamie?" "It is true." "Then mother was right." "What about?" "That you would be engaged before leap year was over."

If Shakespeare had only known about the Baconian cipher when he wrote his plays, there can be no doubt but that he could have made them fit a great deal better than they do.

First flirt—That handsome man is an acquaintance of yours, I see.

Second flirt—Yes, I have known him for some time.

"Is he married or unmarried?"

"He's a drummer."

Collector (for the heathen)—Is Mr. Jones at home? Mrs. Jones—He is down in the cellar trying to fix the furnace. It won't draw. Shall I call him up? Collector (hurriedly)—Oh, no. I'll call some other time.

Don't worry because other people don't manage their business just as you think they ought to. Nine chances out of ten the reason they don't is, that they are worrying because you don't manage your business as they think you should.

"Do you not think, Miss Smith," he pleaded, "that in time you might learn to love me?" "Possibly," the girl replied. "If you could render me a statement of what you are worth, Mr. Jones, I might learn to love you. I'm very quick at figures."

"You shouldn't have taken 'No' for an answer so readily, Charley," said his more experienced friend; "don't you understand that a girl's 'no' often means 'yes'?" "She didn't say 'No,' Jack," responded Charley, utterly without hope, "she said 'Naw.'"

"The wife for me," he said, "is the old-fashioned girl—the girl who makes a good housewife—who has been brought up to sew, and to cook, and to wash, and to iron—the kind of girl that they used to have before girls went in for fashionable flummery and accomplishments, and things." "Yes," said she, "I understand. Well, my ideal of a husband is also of the old-fashioned sort. I want one who will shovel snow, put in coal, split kindlings, put up stoves, dig garden-beds, beat carpets—and do all the things that husbands used to do before they went in for silk hats, and clubs, and four-in-hands, and things." There was a thick, glutinous silence for a few moments, while he pondered deeply and broadly. "I wonder," he said, at last, "exactly how much of an ass I am." "I wonder," she echoed, with a speculative expression in her eyes.

SOMETHING LIKE A MYSTERY

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERY.

It is very probable that to the readers of this extraordinary narrative the name of Nathaniel B. Tompkins may not be altogether unfamiliar, although the real explanation of the strange events is, I am aware, known only to myself. I feel that the time has now come when the truth of the matter should be disclosed, and I hasten to give the facts of this remarkable and mysterious affair the publicity which they deserve. Fortunately, there are many people in the United States who remember the excitement and interest which were aroused at the time, and who can bear witness to the truth of my statements; otherwise, I am aware that few or none of my readers would be inclined to credit my story.

Nevertheless, I feel that I owe it to posterity to give the matter the utmost publicity in my power, let sneerers and scoffers say what they will. Was not Galileo treated as a liar and a heretic? Was not Roger Bacon regarded as a sorcerer and a madman? And am I not content to suffer in such company, and for such a cause? Listen, then, while in the interests of science and humanity I proclaim the facts in this incredible and astounding affair.

I had been familiar with Mr. Nathaniel B. Tompkins from his boyhood, and am ready to declare upon oath that up to the time of which I am speaking (when he was in his sixty-first year) he had never taken any interest in literature, never read anything beyond a novel or a newspaper, never studied as much as a line of science, and never written two lines of poetry. To sum the matter up in a sentence or two: in person he was fat, red-nosed, square-jawed and uninteresting; and in mind, vulgar, ignorant and illiterate—caring for nothing beyond eating, drinking, making money and sleeping. These facts must be carefully borne in mind by the reader, as it is the sudden change that occurred afterwards seems so incredible and astounding.

One day Tompkins suddenly and unexpectedly burst forth as an intellectual genius of the most astounding and inconceivable attainments. He contributed to the leading learned review of the United States an article displaying such extraordinary talent and ability as to completely electrify the whole scientific world. Almost immediately afterwards appeared from in another magazine a paper, with the signature "Nathaniel B. Tompkins," which must have been the work of years of patient and profound study. And then some half dozen, periodicals were published, all containing contributions from his pen, which attracted the attention of the whole reading public of America. Here was a sermon which for power and pathos exceeded anything that had been written for years; here was a sonnet full of the fire and fervor of an ardent and passionate poet; and here a story which kept half the States up after midnight to finish it. The strangest part of it was that there seemed absolutely no limit to Tompkins' boundless store of information. He wrote upon every conceivable and inconceivable subject—theology, horticulture, metaphysics, card-playing, poetry, cooking, science, dancing—nothing came amiss to his almost infinite mind, and he could and always that he received a handsome check in return.

At first the majority of his acquaintances openly ridiculed the idea that Tompkins depended upon his own brain for the knowledge and ability he displayed. It was simply impossible, they argued (very facetiously too) that any one man could possess such infinite wisdom; and when the one man in question was known by all his friends to have been for sixty years a low, vulgar, ignorant, and illiterate fellow, it was utter childishness to suppose that he could acquire such gigantic learning in the course of a few weeks. It was absurd, they said, that he appropriated his articles in toto from the works of other writers—that was the only explanation of the matter. But then it was pointed out that if it were so, some one would undoubtedly have detected the fraud, as it was impossible that Tompkins could be the only man acquainted with the books from which his information was taken; and then, again, there was another fact which completely upset their theories. It was known beyond all doubt that when Tompkins had a subject in hand upon which he intended writing, he would retire to his own bedroom (which didn't contain a book of any sort from floor to ceiling, beyond an English dictionary), and in the course of a few hours he would re-appear with the article ready written and signed for the press. There were others who shook their heads wisely and said they always had seen the signs of extraordinary ability in Tompkins, and that they had mentioned the fact repeatedly to their friends and acquaintances.

"Didn't I say only last Christmas," said Ponderby to his wife, "didn't I say that Tompkins was a born genius, and that he would leave his mark upon the world some day? Didn't I say that, Martha, eh?" and then he would stick his thumbs under the arms of his waistcoat and look solemnly round with the air of a man who knew a great deal more than he chose to say.

There were two other very remarkable circumstances which led to a great deal of discussion about this mysterious affair, and which I think I ought to mention. The one that struck people as most strange was that Tompkins was continually changing his residence. As surely as he remained in a town for over a month his articles would begin to fall off, and show signs of complete cessation; but on his removal to some other locality, they would recommence with unabated fertility and vigor. The other remarks le circumstance was that though Tompkins was the acknowledged author of some of the most magnificent poetry and noblest prose which had ever been written, yet Tompkins (the man remained, to all intents and purposes, the low, vulgar and ignorant individual that he had always been. His lack of interest in his work too, excepting as a means for getting money, was really most remarkable. He would send to one of the magazines or reviews a poem or article glowing with fiery enthusiasm and ardor; and yet when some one whom his words had touched would call to thank him for his noble utterances, he would remark that he "wished to h—ll people would mind their own farnation sugar-stills. He guessed he'd writ the pesky thing, and got the dollars too, and he didn't want to hear no more about that business, he didn't."

Ladies, also, who came to beg his autograph, or to tell him of their rapture in reading his last beautiful poem, were unutterably horrified to hear their divine singer remark audibly that he "wished folks wouldn't come squirming round his plantation with their cussed poems. He reckoned he'd got suthink else to do than to prance about arter them all day." However varied and versatile his intellectual gifts may have been, too, they refused apparently to elaborate themselves except in complete solitude, for if, as was sometimes the case, eminent scientists called to ask his advice upon any particular point or ordinary individuals to obtain information upon some important subject, Tompkins would appear totally and helplessly ignorant of the whole matter in the preliminary conversation; and yet, when he understood what was wanted, he would retire to his room for an hour or two, and presently reappear with the information required, neatly written out in his clear, clerkly hand.

In spite, however, of suspicions and doubts, Tompkins' name and fame grew greater day by day. His learning was not by any means confined to literary topics, for people came to him from every part of the United States for information on all sorts of subjects; and providing they paid the very heavy fee which he invariably charged, in nearly every case the information required was obtained. I do not mean to imply that he was never at fault, or that the knowledge he possessed was infallible. It would sometimes happen that he would remain in his room for hours, and notwithstanding result; but in spite of one or two failures and short-comings, all who had an opportunity of testing the boundless wisdom of this extraordinary genius could not help feeling that his gifts came little short of the miraculous.

And so time went on, and Tompkins' fame had spread over every part of his native country, and there is little doubt that his reputation and renown would have become world-wide, had it not been for a very important event which now occurred. It became noised abroad that his marvellous wisdom and learning unlashed one day as suddenly and mysteriously as they had appeared. He endeavored to disclose the fact himself by announcing that he had "retired from business;" but it was known only too well to his family and acquaintances that ever since one eventful morning when he had been heard using very bad language in his own room, all his powers of intellect seemed to have deserted him. It was in vain that editors wrote offering enormous fees for a series of articles from his pen; it was in vain that crazed enthusiasts implored him to give them assistance upon some knotty point—although he accepted some of the offers, and spent hours, days, even nights, locked up in his own room, for nothing came of it, and he was obliged at last to give up the attempt in despair.

For some months all America rang with the story of his apparently miraculous acquirement of their extraordinarily sudden acquirement and no less extraordinarily sudden disappearance; but after a little the interest lessened and died away, and the case of Mr. Nathaniel B. Tompkins became a thing of the past.

And then it was that I determined to devote my life to the unravelling of the mystery. The task I had undertaken was indeed a heavy one, but I felt that I owed it to posterity and to the world to spare myself no pains, and in the end my efforts were crowned with triumph.

CHAPTER II.

SOLVED.

There are a good many thoughtful and cultured people who believe that all through life the spirit-world lies around us and about us, and that we are encompassed by a vast wide by a vast and glorious "cloud of witnesses. Such, however, was not Tompkins' opinion, if he had any opinions at all, which is doubtful. His temperament, as I have already remarked, was the reverse of poetic, nor was he a man in any way given to romantic fancies or nervous delusions. Yet with all this, there were some strange characteristics about Tompkins which, as far as my researches extend, have never appeared in any other individual. Most of us can recollect rare moments when we felt that we were not alone—when we were conscious of unseen, mysterious presences—when we were haunted by the murmuring of unheard voices and seemed to catch the far-off rustling of unseen pinions.

Tompkins experienced something of this mysterious feeling also, although he did not express himself in that way. He compared it to "blue-bottles or mosquiters," and had even been known to use bad language on the subject. It certainly betrayed a lack of delicacy and poetic feeling in Tompkins; only it must in justice be mentioned that instead of the mysterious consciousness of unseen companionship being a thing of rare and supreme moments, as with us ordinary individuals—with him it was an every day occurrence, and the "rustling of unseen pinions" would at times become so marked as to lead him to compare it to a kind of buzzing and worritin' round like, as though there was a church meetin' o' muskiters and bumbler-bees up thar." So far from feeling any awe or weird sense of the supernatural, Tompkins remarked that it was a "pesky noosance," and took doctors' advice as to the best means of getting rid of his unseen guests.

The first physician he consulted said that it was a most extraordinary case of "determination of blood to the brain," such as he had long been wishing to meet with; and he declared enthusiastically that he should watch the case, both in his patient's interests and the interests of medical science with the greatest care and attention. His scientific ardor was, however, somewhat damped by his patient surlily remarking something about "determination of blood to the foot"; and as after visiting three months he failed to produce any satisfactory result, Tompkins concluded to leave him and try someone else. All his efforts, however, proved in vain, and as one doctor after another was unsuccessful in affording the relief he sought, he came at last to resign himself to the inevitable; and so things had gone on till he had attained his sixty-first year, when the extraordinary events recorded in the previous chapter took place. And this brings me to the explanation of the mystery.

Tompkins' business was that of a coal and coke merchant, and it was his invariable rule to square up his accounts every three months so that he might see how things stood. When April 1st came round, and he found he had rather a long column of figures to go through, he put his ledger under his arm, and retired to his own room, in order that he might pursue his task without interruption. I don't know whether he had been up the night before, or whether he had a headache, but, somehow, the figures would not come right, and to make matters worse, the strange consciousness of unseen presences which he so often experienced was unusually intense and noticeable that morning—so much so as to utterly distract his attention from the figures before him, and cause him to use language more forcible than polite. Three times he got as far as "seventeen and eight's twenty-five, and seven's thirty-two, and eight's forty"; and three times had he become hopelessly and helplessly lost at that point, and had to commence all over again.

"Seventeen and eight's twenty-five, and seven's thirty-two, and eight's forty," he began for a fourth time, and then he gave vent to an angry growl and dropped the pen in despair, for there was that strange, mysterious sensation filling his brain with its mystic whisperings, so that he found it utterly impossible to fix his attention on the sum before him.

"Seventeen and eight's twenty-five," began Tompkins once again in a loud voice, and with a dogged, angry determination—"seventeen and eight's twenty-five, and seven's thirty-two, and eight's forty—" and then he flung the pen from him with a howl of rage, and half rose in his chair as he yelled, "What the blazes is it that keeps a bustin' and a bustin' round my ears like a barrel load of half-fried sprats! What the 'farnation old bad un is it? That's what I want to know."

To his intense astonishment a strange, thin, and yet clear, distinct voice, answered almost behind him, "A spirit; it is a spirit."

Tompkins' face refused apparently to show no other sign of fear, unless a very long-drawn whistle, and an attempt to look over his shoulder without turning his head, may be taken as such.

"A spirit!" he ejaculated, when he had somewhat recovered his composure. "A spirit, eh! And why didn't you say so before?"

"Because you didn't ask me," answered the spirit, rather reluctantly.

"Oh, you want to go away, do you? And what's stopping you, old friend?"

But there was no reply, and Tompkins had a strange consciousness that his visitor was struggling to escape very much in the way that a fish on land tries to wriggle back to its native element.

"Here, stop a minute, Mister Spirit!" he called out loudly, and to his great satisfaction felt that it was drawing near again, but apparently with reluctance. "What makes you stop if you don't want to?"

A first there was no answer for a moment, and then the spirit replied, as if forced to respond against its will, "You know very well it is your evil influence that stops me, you bad, wicked man."

"Here, you drop that, stranger," said Tompkins. "Don't you call folks names without a reason. I ain't got a darned spirit to call bad, as you know well enough. First of all you're too proud to speak 'cos you ain't been introduced, and I didn't ask you; and then you turn round and blaspheme like that, and say I'm a-stopping you. You don't seem exactly clear-headed, old man; what time did you go to bed last night?"

"We have no beds in the spirit-world," answered the voice sternly.

"Leastways you haven't got any beds, haven't you? Maybe you haven't got any Irish whisky either? You seem kinder mixed like."

This time there was a sound which came as near to a snort of indignation as any spiritual sound could come, and Tompkins went off into a roar of such hearty laughter that, although the spirit was slipping away from him, he couldn't get his voice back in time to bid him stay.

Yes, the spirit had gone, and so had the strange consciousness of unseen presences which had so often disturbed Tompkins. Although he felt rather sorry that he hadn't had an opportunity for further conversation, he could not but congratulate himself upon having effectually rid himself of the distracting and oppressive feeling which had troubled him so long. His rejoicings were soon cut short, however, for he hadn't sat there for five minutes before he was aware of the same sensation again.

"How me down the Mississippi in a washtub if he ain't come back!" said Tompkins. "Hullo! hullo! who's there? Speak up, if you're he called out, peremptorily, and then waited eagerly for a reply. Sure enough he heard a voice, but this time a very weak, whining, sickly sort of voice only.

"Please, it's a spirit."

"What, old whisky and water again?" inquired Tompkins pleasantly.

"I don't know what you mean," answered the spirit, apologetically; "who's whisky and water?"

"Him as was here just now," answered the spirit, "I guess you won't be him, colonel?"

"Why, I'm just myself, I reckon," responded the spirit; "please will you let me go now?"

"What, are you playin' the same tune?" said Tompkins. "I ain't your boss, stranger; how can I prevent you from going if you wish to?"

"Please, it's your will-power that's keeping me," responded the spirit, "and I can't get away if I resent to."

Suddenly a light flashed across Tompkins' mind. "Look here, old sonny," he said in a conciliatory way; "I don't quite understand this will business. Tell us all about it, will yer!"

"I will if you'll promise to let me go when I've done," replied the spirit.

"All right," said Tompkins, "I'll let yer go. And now let's hear the yarn."

It was a long time before Tompkins fully grasped all the facts of the matter, and I shall weary the reader by relating the conversation in full, but will tell as shortly as I can the gist of the spirit's communication.

His will-power, Tompkins was informed, was of such extraordinary development that by merely bringing it to bear upon persons who happened sufficiently near to come under his influence, he could, in nearly every case, hold their will in a sort of mesmeric spell, especially if they were at all inclined to be weak-minded. Spirits being such ethereal beings were particularly susceptible to this will-controlling power, and any which happened to come within reach of his influence were as helpless as flies towards him as is a moth to a candle. Luckily for them, he had not, up to the present, been aware of the capabilities he possessed, and so a very short time, they were able to make their escape again.

The unfortunate spirit who had first entered into communication with him would not have spoken had it not been that Tompkins had expressed with such force and energy his wish to the contrary, that involuntarily it had obeyed as a positive command which the will-enthralled spirit was unable to resist, being a shade particularly lacking in will-power. He had, when ordered the spirits to speak to him before, they would have been obliged to do so; but although he had often wondered what the strange tingling sensation was, and had used very bad language on the subject, he had never expressed himself in a way that had the force of an imperious command, and consequently they had not felt bound to enlighten him. It was of course quite against their inclinations to have the power that Tompkins had over them to that gentleman himself as disembodied souls have a great love of liberty, and strongly object to being enthralled by the force of another's will.

After the spirit had put Tompkins in possession of the facts of the case as related above, he asked that he might be released from his will, bondage which held him, as he was anxious to get away again.

"Oh, there's plenty of time, stranger," said Tompkins; "what's your hurry?"

"I've got something I want to do, so please don't keep me any longer," supplicated the spirit.

"And what do you want to do so particular important, my buck?" asked Tompkins, "if you will excuse my curiosity."

"I'd rather not say," said his visitor.

"Oh, but you'll have to say," remarked Tompkins, who was just beginning to realize his power; "else I'll tighten up like blazes my will-biceps, and keep you here till you squeak."

"You're a nasty, untruthful man!" howled the captive spirit, "it's only an essay on Jones' razor strops. Mr. Jones has offered a prize of a hundred pounds for the best essay on razor strops, and we've been trying who could write the best, and I want to get back and read mine to the other spirits because I know it'll beat the lot."

"I should like to hear that essay," said Tompkins, "as I'm particularly interested in the razor strop business. Suppose you was to tell me it, just to pass the time away like, 'cos I don't be too quick, as I should like to write it down."

"I don't want to," yelled the spirit. "You said you'd let me go when I told you all about the will."

"Are you going to tell us that essay? or shall I tighten up the will-power, and do you a-fizzing till next Christmas?" said Tompkins in an uncompromising voice.

Thus adjured, the unfortunate spirit related the essay, word by word, his captor writing it down as he went along.

"You can go now," said Tompkins when it was finished "that's a real good essay, that's, sticks up, and no mistake. Good mornin', I'm going to put in for that thar hundred pounds, and, turning on the will-screw, he felt pretty sure that he'd hooked a pretty big fish by the efforts it was making to escape. This time it was the spirit of a distinguished scientific man lately deceased, who had come of half an hour Tompkins had wrung from the unwilling spirit a paper which contained in a few pages the study of a lifetime. Tompkins was used to seeing people in a passion, but he felt really fearful lest the spirit should do some serious damage in his fury at being subbed of his labors by a born by a "systematic scoundrel," as he called his captor. But he was powerless to do Tompkins any material harm at present, although he promised the spirit "more" for him when his turn came to enter the spirit-realm, a threat which that gentleman treated with the contempt it deserved, and he (Tompkins) concluded "knocking the brains (or what corresponded to brains) of the unfortunate spirits who came within reach of his malign influence, and sending the proceeds of his labors to the reviews and magazines, with the result narrated in the previous chapter.

I think from mentioning the names of the illustrious dead whose spirits were thus robbed of their intellectual treasures by this unprincipled ruffian. It was no wonder that the critics in noticing his contributions remarked that they were "strictly reminded of the late distinguished Mr. So-and-So in reading Mr. Nathaniel B. Tompkins' masterly paper; or that the "taking style in which this article is written recalls the late lamented Mr. What-a-Ma-Call-Em's inimitable manner," and that the late Mr. What's-his-name's most miserable moment was like, I don't know and I don't want to. All I can say is that when the article which reminded the reviewer of his happiest one was obtained from the late distinguished gentleman, the bad language which formed a running accompaniment to it was so profuse and violent as to lead even Tompkins to remonstrate with the spirit on the subject.

When he had an order to execute for special information upon some important subject, Tompkins would retire to his room, and interview every spirit that came within his influence, letting him go again if unable to furnish anything of value on the case in point, until at last he hit upon the one he wanted, and then he would stick to him like a leech until he had pumped him thoroughly dry. He had no fear that his gift of will-control would ever leave him, as he had taken the trouble to ascertain how matters stood from one of his captives. This spirit had told him that his power would continue as long as he lived, subject to only one condition, and that was that if any spirit ever succeeded in causing him to feel terror, even for a few moments, his will-controlling influence would then immediately and for ever gone for ever. This, however, Tompkins felt no anxiety about, as he had already interviewed the spirits of murderers, would-be-poets, burglars, autograph-collectors, insurrectionists, tax-gatherers, and other desperadoes without as much as turning a hair, so that he had no cause to anticipate any such result.

The most inconvenient thing in the whole affair was that after he had been in a place for about three weeks or a month, if the spirits in the neighborhood got to know of the unprincipled designs which he entertained towards their fraternity, and systematically abstained from coming within the range of his malign influence, so that his newly found means of making a fortune seemed likely to vanish into the dim distance. After he had "worked" a district as he called it, until the spiritual supply showed signs of running short, he would wisely transfer himself, therefore, and leave the "fresh and fruitful" fields and pastures new," where the unsuspecting spirits would come buzzing round him with the most ardent desire to be "worked," until they had learnt the cruel lesson of experience, and betaken themselves out of reach of his dreaded influence. For years Tompkins went on, plying his tent every two or three weeks in a different locality, and living upon the intellectual acquirements of the unfortunate spirits who happened to come within reach of his influence. The globe, until all America was ringing with the fame and renown of his apparently marvellous wisdom and learning.

One day Tompkins had a very big case in hand, for which, if he succeeded in obtaining any information, he was promised an unusually large fee. He felt that if he was to put my spiritual help on the matter, it must be from the shade of a very distinguished and learned lawyer, who had lived in the Revolutionary days, with an extra supply of pen, ink, and paper, in order to prosecute his search. He interviewed every spirit in the neighborhood, but none could give him the information he required, and then he felt that he was in the immediate neighborhood of a spirit of unusual force and strength, judging from the desperate efforts it made to escape from his all-powerful influence.

"Tarnation take the pesky thing!" said Tompkins as he got red in the face in his efforts to exert an unusual amount of will-power upon the rebellious shade. "I never came across such a darned ornery cuss in my life, but I guess he's bolted home. 'Pears he's gettin' feebler-like. I kinder reckon I've lined a big fish this time; let's see who he is. Is there a spirit there?"

There was no reply. The spirit was evidently sulky and unwilling to come to terms.

"Is there a spirit there?" asked Tompkins, as he grit his teeth in his efforts to turn on the will-tap a screw higher, and got as purple in the face as a turkey-cock; "all right, my boy, we'll wait till you come, mister. Come now, no nonsense! Who's there?"

He had conquered. There was a moment's silence, and then a sullen, surly reply: "A spirit."

"Yes, so I calculated," said he, "but who?"

"Nathaniel B. Tompkins," said the voice sternly, "I am the spirit of your deceased mother-in-law; I demand that—"

"What!" yelled Tompkins, as his jaw dropped with a clatter, "the devil you say! Here I say, let's get out of this!" and knocking the table over in his haste, he bolted for the door, and ran down the stairs as cream cheese. There, however, his temporary panic subsided, and with a very sheepish look he turned back to the table, muttering to himself: "Well, it was a shock, but the old gal can't do no harm now, so I may as well hear what she's got to say." And then he turned on the will-power, and in a conciliatory voice said: "And what may you happen to want, mother-in-law?"

But there was no reply. Tompkins had exhibited fear in the presence of the spirits, and his power was gone forever.

"Fifty dollars for some ice," he cries.

"Fifty dollars?" inquires a fellow passenger.

"Yes."

"Very well, I will get you some at the next station."

And at the next station, the fellow-passenger produces a plate of ice and receives his fifty dollars.

Same scene the next day. This time the fellow-passenger demands a hundred dollars, and produces at the next station a second plate of ice.

Same scene the next day again. "Ice!" cries the husband. "I must have ice. I will have ice."

This time the passenger does not reply.

"Ice!" again cries the husband. "A hundred and fifty dollars!" The passenger does not move. "Two hundred and fifty dollars!" Still he does not move. "Five hundred dollars!" farily shrieks the husband, while the fair bride looks on with limpid and beseeching eyes.

"Impossible, sir!" says the fellow-passenger, with much dignity of manner. "Your offer is tempting, but I examined my uncle at the last station, and if I take any more ice out of his coffin he won't last until we get to New York."

They Had to Have Him.

Stranger on the L road—That's a very scholarly-looking man for a mere brakeman.

Intelligent citizen—He is a professor of elocution in Columbia college, and is only on for the day. A party of excursionists from Schenectady engaged him to call off the streets so as to be sure where they are en route.

Could Give Him Something Cool.

(Scene, a Dakota bar-room. Temperature, eighty degrees below zero.)

Stranger—Will you please make me a cold lemonade?

Bartender—I haven't a lemon in the house, but there's a linen duster upstairs.

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Counter lunch from 12 o'clock till 2.

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Was He a Coward?

In society they called him "Adonis Querne." His name was Viscount Gontran Joseph de Querne.

An orphan and a master of a large fortune, he made quite a figure, as they say. He had style, readiness enough to appear witty, a certain natural grace, a proud, well-bred bearing, a fierce moustache, and a gentle eye—the combination women like.

He was invited everywhere, was in demand as a partner in the german, and inspired men with the smiling unfriendliness that a strong face usually begets. He was suspected of a few love affairs that go to make a bachelor interesting. He was happy, calm and self-satisfied, known to be an expert swordsman and a good shot.

"If I ever fight a duel," he used to say, "I shall choose pistols. I shall be sure then of killing my man."

One evening he went to the theater with two ladies and their husbands, and after the play invited them to go to Tortoni's for an ice. When they had been seated there a few minutes, he observed that a gentleman at a neighboring table was keeping his eyes obstinately fixed on one of the ladies of De Querne's party. She seemed troubled and uncomfortable, and held her head down. Finally she said to her husband:

"That man is staring at me. I don't know him, do you?"

The husband, who had seen nothing, looked up, but said at once, "No, not at all."

The young wife continued, half smiling and half annoyed:

"It's very provoking; that individual spoils my ice for me."

Her husband shrugged his shoulders: "Pshaw! Pay no attention to him. If we took notice of every loafer we met there'd be no end to it."

But the viscount rose abruptly.

He would not permit a strange man to spoil an ice of his offering. The insult was to him, since it was by his invitation that his friends were in the cafe. The thing devolved upon him to settle.

He approached the man, and said to him:

"Sir, I cannot tolerate your manner of staring at these ladies. I beg you will desist."

The other replied:

"Do you want to make a row about it?"

The viscount set his teeth, and continued: "Be careful, sir, or you will provoke me beyond bounds."

The man answered by a single word, a vile name that rang from one end of the cafe to the other, and had the effect of a spring on every one at the tables.

Every one turned round, the three waiters spun on their heels like tops, the two *dames du comptoir* jumped and then leaned forward to see, and a great silence fell. Then all at once a sharp sound cut the air. The viscount had struck his adversary in the face. Everybody rose to interfere. The two men exchanged cards.

When the viscount reached home he walked up and down his room, too agitated to reflect. The single idea of a duel hovered in his mind, but, without awakening the smallest emotion. He had done as he ought; shown himself as he wished to be. He would be talked about, approved, congratulated.

He repeated aloud, as we often speak when the mind is wrought up, "What a brute that man was!"

Then he sat down to think. In the morning he must find his seconds. Who should they be? Men of position and standing! He immediately chose the Marquis de la Tour-Noire and Colonel Bourdin, a great lord and a soldier; their names would look well in the newspapers. He felt thirsty and drank three glasses of water, one after the other; then he began to walk up and down again. He felt very determined. If he showed himself bold and resolute, insisted on rigorous conditions, and demanded a serious duel, a duel to the death, probably his adversary would withdraw and apologize.

He took up the card he had drawn from his pocket and thrown on the table, and read it, as he had already read it at a glance in the cafe, and in the cab coming home, by the light of every street lamp:

George Lamil,

51 Money Street.

Nothing more.

He examined the way the letters followed each other: George Lamil! Who was he? What did he do? Why had he stared at the woman? How revolting that a stranger, an unknown man, should trouble the course of your existence suddenly, because he chose to look insolently at a woman. The viscount repeated aloud:

"What a brute!"

Then he stood motionless awhile, in a sort of trance, his eyes fixed on the card. Rage was awakening in him against this piece of pasteboard, a rage mingled with hate and with a strange feeling of uneasiness. The whole affair was idiotic! He took an open pen-knife and stuck it into the printed name, as if he were stabbing somebody.

So he was going to fight a duel! Should he choose swords or pistols, for he considered himself the insulted person. With swords he ran less risk, but by choosing pistols he had the chance of making his adversary withdraw. A duel with swords is rarely fatal—mutual prudence keeps the combatants too far apart. With pistols he hazarded his life, but he might also get off with all the honors of the situation and without any meeting.

He spoke aloud:

"I must be firm. He will be frightened."

The sound of his voice made him shiver, and he glanced round. He felt very nervous. He drank another glass of water, undressed and went to bed.

In bed, with the lights out, he closed his eyes and began to think:

"I have all day to-morrow to attend to things. I must go to sleep now so as to have my head clear."

The covering seemed oppressive, he could not fall asleep. He turned over and over, lying five minutes on his back, then on his right side, then on his left.

He felt thirsty again. He rose to get a drink. Then a genuine anxiety seized him:

"Am I afraid?"

Why did his heart beat so wildly at all the familiar sounds in the room? When the clock was going to strike, the little click of the spring made him start, and he was obliged to open his mouth to breathe for several seconds after, he felt so oppressed. He began to reason with himself on the possibility of such a thing:

"Am I afraid?"

No, assuredly he could not be afraid when he had just announced himself resolved to push the thing to extremity, when he had such a determination to fight. But he was so deeply moved that he said to himself:

"Can one be afraid in spite of one's self?"

And the doubt grew upon him—an anxiety, a dread; if a force stronger than his will overcame him, what should he do? He would go to the place of meeting, because he willed to appear there. But if he trembled? If he lost consciousness? And he thought of his position, his reputation, and his name.

He felt a compelling wish to see his own face in the mirror. He lighted a candle. When he saw his reflection in the polished glass he hardly recognized it, it was like one he had never seen. His eyes looked enormous, and he was pale; he was certainly very pale.

He stood there before the mirror. He even looked at his tongue to see if he were feverish, and all at once the thought shot through him:

"Day after to-morrow, at this time, I may be dead."

And his heart began to beat furiously again. "Day after to-morrow this, that I see in the glass, may be no more. I am here, I look at myself, I feel that I am alive, and in twenty-four hours I may be laid on that bed dead, my eyes closed, cold, inanimate, ended!"

He went back toward his bed, and could see himself stretched out on his back on the very sheets he had just left. His face had fallen in like a dead man's, and his hands were leaden as if they would never move again.

He hated his bed, and in order not to see it, went into his smoking-room. He mechanically lighted a cigar, and began to walk about. He felt chilled, and was about to ring for his servant, but he paused, with his hand raised above the bell:

"The fellow will see I am afraid."

He did not ring, he built a fire himself. His hands trembled a little with a nervous recoil when they touched anything. His mind wandered; his confused thoughts began to grow fleeting, broken off and painful; fumes clouded his mind as if he had been drinking.

He repeated continually:

"What shall I do? What will become of me?"

His whole body vibrated, shaken by chills; he rose, and, going to the window, opened the curtains. Day was breaking—a summer day. The flushed sky warmed the roofs and walls of the city. A long beam of light, like a caress from the rising sun, wrapped the awaking world, and with the light swiftly, and almost with the pain of a shock, hope sprang up in the viscount's heart! What a fool he was, to be overcome with fear before anything was decided, before his seconds had seen George Lamil's, before he even knew whether there would really be a duel.

He dressed, and left the house with a firm step. He repeated to himself as he walked:

"I must be very decided. I must prove that I am not afraid."

His seconds, the marquis and the colonel, consented to act, shook hands with him, and discussed the conditions.

The colonel asked, "You are in earnest about the character of the duel itself?"

The viscount replied: "Thoroughly in earnest."

The marquis added: "You insist upon pistols?"

"Yes."

"Leave us to settle the rest."

The viscount pronounced with dry, jerky articulation: "Twenty paces, at the word of command, raising the weapon instead of lowering it. Shots exchanged till there is a serious wound."

The colonel remarked that they were excellent conditions, the viscount was a good shot, and all the chances were on his side.

Then they went away, the viscount returned home to wait for them. His agitation, which had lessened for a time, now increased every moment. He could feel that chill running along his arms, his legs, his chest, shaking his whole body. He could not sit still. There was not a trace of moisture in his mouth, and he continually made a little clacking sound with his tongue as if to limber his palate.

He wished to breakfast, but could not eat. Then he thought drinking would give him courage, so he sent for a bottle of brandy, and drank six small glasses in succession. A burning heat rushed over him, accompanied by giddiness.

"I have it now," he thought, "this is the thing!"

But at the end of an hour he had emptied the bottle, and his agitation had become intolerable. He felt an insane desire to roll on the ground, to scream, to tear something with his teeth.

A jingling at the bell so excited him that he had not the strength to rise and receive his seconds.

He did not even dare to speak to them, for fear they would guess all from his altered voice.

The colonel spoke: "Everything is settled according to your own conditions. At first your your adversary claimed the privileges of the offended person, but he yielded almost immediately and accepted everything. His seconds are two army officers."

The viscount said, "Thank you."

The marquis added: "Excuse us if we only come in to go directly away, but we have a thousand things to arrange. We must have a good surgeon, as the duel goes on till there is a serious wound, and you know cold lead is no joke. We must find a place for the meeting near some dwelling, where the wounded man may be carried, if necessary, and so on. At least we have two or three hours to do it in."

Again the viscount said, "Thank you."

"The colonel asked: "Are you all right? Not shaky?"

"Not at all, thank you."

The two men went away.

When he was alone again, he believed he was going mad. The servant had lighted the lamps, so he sat down at the table to write letters. Having traced "This is my will" at the top of the page, he sprang up and walked down the room, feeling himself incapable of writing two ideas, of taking any resolve, or deciding upon anything.

What was it all? He was to fight a duel—he wished it, it was his settled intention; and yet he knew, in spite of every effort of his will, every assertion of his mind, that he was not going to have the necessary strength even to go to the place of meeting. He tried to fancy the duel, his own attitude, and his opponent's bearing.

From time to time his teeth chattered in his head. He took up Chateauvillard's dueling code, and tried to read it. Then he asked himself:

"Has my adversary practiced in shooting-galleries? Is he known? Has he reputation? How could I find out?"

He remembered Baron de Vaux's book on noted shots with the pistol, and went through it from beginning to end. George Lamil was not mentioned. But if the man was not an expert he would not have accepted at once that dangerous weapon under mortal conditions.

He opened a case of pistols, took one out and stood up as if to fire, raising his arm. He trembled from head to foot, and the barrel wavered in every direction.

Then he said: "The thing is impossible. I cannot fight a duel like this."

He examined the little black hole in the end of the barrel, that spits out death, and thought of disgrace, whispers in clubs, sneers in society, women's contempt, allusions in the newspapers, insults from cowards.

He kept examining the weapon and, pressing back the trigger, suddenly saw a cap under it like a little red flame. Through neglect the pistol had been put away loaded. It gave him a confused, inexplicable pleasure.

If he could not stand up before that man with calm, unblenching front, he would be lost, branded, outcast. He was not capable of assuming or keeping that impassive front, he felt it. But he must be a brave man, because he wished to fight a duel! He must be brave since—the thought did not even shape itself clearly in his mind; he opened his mouth, put the barrel of the pistol down his throat, and pulled the trigger.

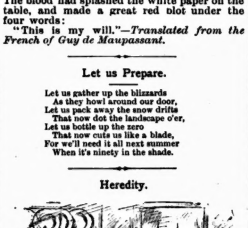
When his valet rushed in, attracted by the report, he found him dead, lying on his back. The blood had splashed the white paper on the table, and made a great red blot under the four words:

"This is my will."—*Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant.*

Let us Prepare.

Let us gather up the blizzards
As they howl around our door,
Let us pack away the snow drifts
That now dot the landscape o'er,
Let us bottle up the zero
That now cuts us like a blade,
For we'll need it all next summer
When it's ninety in the shade.

Heredity.



Father—Lave the lad alone, Biddy, acushla, it's the O'Fogarty blood that's in him, an' sure he can't help it!

Getting at the Size of the Certificate.

Boston young woman—They tell me that Miss De Peyster has a beautiful marriage certificate.

Chicago young woman—How much—twenty-five or fifty thousand?

They Did Not Freeze.

An Iowa woman thoughtfully put two dozen eggs in her nice, warm bed to keep them from freezing while she spent the afternoon and evening with a friend. Returning late at night, she disrobed and plunged in. Shriek! Well, the one she lifted up her voice with caused the cat to dash through the window in terror and roused the neighbors. The eggs did not freeze.

Opposed to Gambling in All Forms.

Husband—Mary I don't see why you allow the children to play dominos as they are doing now.

"What harm can it do?"

"A world of harm. It will lead on to gambling for money. When I was a boy my parents would as soon have had my hand cut off as to see me playing such a game."

"Well, well, I'll tell them to stop. But why are you so cross to-night."

"I've just lost $3,000 in a wheat deal."

Kissing by Proxy.

Mr. Robinson—Anna, where is your mistress?
Servant—In the garden, sir.
Mr. R.—Well, I'm in a hurry to catch the train, I'll just give you a kiss, you can give it to her when she comes in.

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drank regularly about six gallons monthly; have never lost one hour's work since. My arm, general strength, health and appetite are all toned up beyond conception.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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To Contributors.

Rejected contributions will not be returned, or those accepted paid for, unless a special agreement has been made to that effect. Unless manuscripts are accompanied by a price, everything sent to this office will be considered as a voluntary contribution, and the publishers will not hold themselves responsible.

The Dude.

What an amount of nonsense has been uttered by the daily press on the subject of the "dude." Ever since a few years ago the word was invented and eagerly caught up by a host of cheap scribblers as a theme for their facetiousness, the dude has been the object of endless ridicule, sarcasm and sermonizing. Effeminacy and brainlessness, combined with inordinate attention to dress, are imagined to be the leading characteristics of a considerable class of young men in easy circumstances, and out of the notion has been evolved the impossible and grotesque creation which figures so largely in the would-be funny cartoons. As a matter of fact the dude of the popular imagination has no existence. He is a purely ideal being. Who ever saw a dude of the style depicted in the comic papers in real life? It is just possible that in New York or Boston there may be a few—a very few—individuals who in speech and attire somewhat approximate to the typical dude of the humorous and reporters. But as a class the dude is an altogether fictitious creation. He no more represents any appreciable number of society young men than did Oscar Wilde, who a few years ago gained notoriety and dollars by dressing in an equally fantastic fashion and posing as an æsthete.

Some of the young men who have wealthy fathers no doubt devote undue attention to dress and are affected in their speech. But they are not effeminate or inane on that account, and still less are they disposed to pride themselves on such unmanly traits. As a rule the young men of this class are anything but inert and languid in their habits, and are disposed, if anything, towards the other extreme. They are proficient in manly sports and exercises requiring a high degree of physical culture and endurance. There may be room for wholesome criticism as regards some of the pursuits of our fashionable young men. But the dude as he is depicted is an absurd and untruthful exaggeration.

The Abuse of Introductions.

There is a great deal of carelessness nowadays in giving introductions. Formerly an introduction meant much more than it now does. It was not given lightly, and almost as a matter of course to any applicant. The introducer of a stranger realized that in giving him the entree to the houses of his friends he was making himself responsible for the character and behavior of the person introduced. Men were reluctant to assume this responsibility unless they knew that their confidence would not be abused. They required to know something of the antecedents of those who desired to gain access to reputable circles by means of their sponsorship. Of late the formality of introduction has been much abused. There is no longer the same caution and discrimination observed in the matter. People will often unthinkingly introduce to their friends the merest casual acquaintances, of whose moral and social standing they know absolutely nothing, forgetting that by so doing they are pledging their own honor for their conduct. It is principally owing to the easy and matter of course fashion in which introductions are asked and obtained that adventurers and fortune-hunters are able to secure a footing in good society so readily. If proper care were taken to see that those seeking introductions were what they profess to be the operations of these gentry would be rendered much more difficult.

People ought to be at least as careful in maintaining the standard of social life as they habitually are in regard to business transactions. No man of ordinary prudence will enter into business relations with a stranger, which put in the power of the latter to injure his credit or commercial standing by misconduct or negligence, without making full enquiry and assuring himself as far as possible of the reliability of the other. Shrewd and successful merchants are very careful as to whose paper they endorse or whom they recommend to positions of trust and responsibility. A little of the same caution and careful investigation of the claims of those who request the social endorsement of an introduction would save many unpleasant scandals and do much to preserve the tone of society. The practice of giving indiscriminate introductions urgently needs reformation.

Breach of Promise Suits.

The frequency of suits for breach of promise of marriage in England is attracting attention. In nearly every English newspaper which you take up there are long reports or references to actions of this character of a more or less sensational nature. The breach of promise suit is regarded as the comedy or farce of the legal drama, relieving the tragedy business of murder and burglary trials. It is a perennial source of humor for the comic writers and descriptive reporters. The general disposition is to regard such suits as a good joke, the laugh being, in the end, usually at the expense of the unlucky defendant, who is, as a rule, mulcted in a good round sum by a jury whose sympathetic feelings have been aroused in favor of the deserted fair one. In many cases, no doubt, the penalty is deserved, but it is difficult to imagine any woman of refined feelings willingly undergoing the ordeal of publicity and submitting to hear her love-letters read in the open court before a jeering audience, either to punish a recreant lover or secure the substantial consolations of pecuniary damages. It is safe to assume that the number of those who take this means of obtaining redress for a real or fancied wrong is very small as compared with the number who have equal cause to do so. This would indicate that the breaking of matrimonial contracts is a very common thing. It is too often the case that betrothals are rashly and heedlessly entered into by young people who know but little of each other's qualities, tastes and dispositions. A further and more intimate acquaintance results in the disillusion of one or both and the engagement which ought never to have been made and often would never have been made if the parties had known each other better, is cancelled amid mutual reproaches and recriminations. One prime cause of the frequency of broken engagements and breach of promise suits in England is the comparatively few opportunities which young people have of becoming thoroughly and intimately acquainted beforehand. It is only after a young man has declared his intentions that he is allowed that freedom of association by which he can judge of the suitableness of his choice. The result is seen in loveless marriages or in engagements broken off with or without the attendant scandal of a breach of promise suit. Our Canadian plan, by which a much greater degree of intimacy is permitted between young men and girls before any binding engagement need be entered upon, is better calculated to ensure happy marriages.

Chaperonage.

To the Editor:

A recent article in SATURDAY NIGHT condemns unqualifiedly the custom of chaperonage. If this social usage is really gaining ground in Canada, as the article referred to states, then it seems to me that we are to be congratulated rather than commiserated upon its advance in favor. I cannot see how anyone can regard constant care and guidance as anything but advantageous to a young girl. You think it necessary to appoint a nursery maid to watch over children at their play, lest they come to any physical harm, and yet judge it safe to send young, inexperienced girls, in years but little removed from childhood, into the midst of social snares and follies with no one to guard them from the mental and moral dangers which will surround them. The average young girl is not discreet. It is a chaperon's business to be discreet for her; to see that she maintains her proper position and dignity, that she enters into only what it is right and proper for her to take part in, and that she forms no undesirable intimacies.

With the truest heart, the purest mind, and the best intentions in the world, a young girl cannot do all this for herself. Her inexperience and the fact that she is an interested actor, instead of a cool spectator, preclude all possibility of her being her own mentor. The practice, in which some young ladies indulge, of attending the theater or other entertainment with a gentleman escort, and unchaperoned, cannot be too strongly condemned. I certainly fail to see why the entertainment should be less enjoyable in the presence of a chaperon. Another inadvisable course pursued by some girls is that of attending evening parties, without arranging to be called for by father or brother or servant, as the case may be, depending instead on any stray escort who may chance to offer his services, or be instructed to do so by his hostess. Young women who are allowed to go anywhere and everywhere, alone, need not be surprised if they are spoken of as "careless," if nothing worse.

Chaperonage is not wholly a form. It is an institution of practical value, and I think it must take a very lively imagination to find in it any suggestion of Oriental barbarity. The statement that chaperonage is of no avail with girls who are naturally indiscreet or given to flirting, is partly untrue and partly aside from the question. That a safeguard will not ensure against every danger is no reason for discarding it altogether. The presence and advice of a chaperon will check and overcome indiscretion in the majority of cases, and as for the flirting that is backed by determination, surely it is not a common complaint! Let girls be brought up to look on flirting with the abhorrence that it merits, and very few of them will be given to anything so unworthy.

Even as a form chaperonage has its worth. It is a good old British custom combining the elements of propriety and dignity, two of the very bulwarks of refined society.

Montreal, April 2nd. FRIT.

My First Moustache.

For Saturday Night.

I sat where March's tempered sun
His rays most kindly poured,
And blessed him that he smiled upon
The thing I most adored.
I heard the whispering winds go by
To rouse the slumbering flowers,
And watched the chirping robins fly,
To herald happy hours;
But still no raptured rhymes I sung
To bring me base or cash,
But stretched forth my prehensile tongue,
And felt for my moustache.

My love was false; but what cared I?
I deigned her scarce a thought,
For one so base I would not sigh,
Nor be with grief distraught.
"A truer love than hers I'll find,"
This to myself I said—
"A maid of nobler mind
I vow I ne'er shall wed;
By others let her charms be praised,
I scorn to be her 'mash';
And then my hand I gently raised,
And toyed with that moustache.

What cared I though the sun went down
'Mong clouds of heavenly hue
Though shadows dark began to frown!
Though chill the breezes grew!
Though angels trimmed with tender care
Their starry lamps on high,
Till beautiful, beyond compare,
Appeared the sunless sky!
In vain did Night her jewels don;
They seemed to me but trash,
For all my thoughts were fixed upon
My young, my first moustache.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

Last Sunday morning I wound up a visit to New York by attending the Brooklyn Tabernacle and listening to the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's sermon on "Flowers." I have read his sermons for many years and was the first to begin their publication in Canada, where now they have many publishers both in the secular and religious press. I am not of a curious turn of mind and never before took the trouble to hear the man, but my recent experience in visiting various churches led me to believe it would be profitable to compare his methods with those of less celebrated divines. From a financial point of view he is the most successful preacher in the United States, if not in the world, excepting of course those ecclesiastical dignitaries who belong to State churches. His salary is $12,000 a year, and it is said that his receipts from pulpit lectures are double that amount. He gets $5,000 a year for editorial work, and the advance copies of his sermons are sold to a syndicate which supplies the newspapers, and from this he is said to derive nearly as large a sum as he is paid for preaching. He has numerous little methods of making money and his receipts in the shape of wedding fees are said to be enormous, he very often receiving a couple of hundred dollars for marrying a couple.

The exterior of Brooklyn Tabernacle is exceedingly plain and unostentatious, resembling in many respects the outside of a theater. Inside, a narrow corridor surrounds the auditorium with private entrances for pew-holders and affording every facility for ingress and egress. From this corridor, which is on the ground floor, the seats are arranged in the amphitheater form, but one is surprised to see the preacher on a lower level than the exterior entrance. A gallery almost surrounds the building from one side of the organ to the other. On Sunday morning the pulpit, which is in front of the organ, was one mass of magnificent flowers representing the choicest treasures of the conservatories of the congregation. Directly in the centre of the organ, and behind the pulpit, was an immense cross composed of white flowers, bordered by a line of color. Almost buried in a mass of exotics which filled the whole Tabernacle with their fragrance, stood the preacher, who had already begun his sermon before I was able to obtain entrance.

Somebody told me that the building would hold five or six thousand. It struck me as being an over-statement. However, it was too small to admit the crowds which surged against the doors and were turned away by policemen and church-officers. About half-past eleven I succeeded in obtaining admission, and heard a sermon which was a prose poem, full of beautiful thought, connecting flowers with the stories of the Bible, the sentiments of everyday life and the memories which cling around the times when floral offerings are scattered about the altar and laid in garlands on the grave. These sermons, which are repeated so frequently that the preacher is never at a loss for a word, are delivered with a force which brings every word right to the door of the heart, and it seemed as if the magnetism of the multitude and the fame of the preacher opened the door for a more ready reception of the preaching than would be accorded to any one who is not a celebrity. While I knew that these influences were at work I could not help feeling that Talmage is worthy of the place he occupies as the most celebrated man in the American pulpit. His vocabulary seems inexhaustible. Like the garments which enclose the beauties of the flowers, there are so many tints in the color of his word-pictures that one listens with the rapt pleasure which a lover of art must experience in looking at the creations of the best masters. He never allows himself to fall into the commonplace, though he deals almost entirely with the experiences and emotions of everyday life. It is true he has a big mouth and shouts rather than speaks, and where he spoke of the trumpets he seemed to be trying to imitate the clarion tones of the stage super who announces the approach of some mimic potentate. These things struck me as unusual, and coupled with his angular gesticulations carry us away from the conventionalities of the pulpit, leading many to suppose that the preacher is a mountebank, and that his fame is the result of clever advertising and unsanctified methods.

People are too prone to criticize originality as a trick and the adaptation of spiritual truths to the wants of the human heart as religious demagoguery. I believe Talmage has done more good by his published sermons, as they appear in the daily papers, than any other man in America. His audience every week cannot be less than a million, and his beautifully-worded homilies, his vivid descriptions of home life and powerful application of spiritual truths must have had their effect on the hundreds of thousands who look for his weekly sermon, as the flowers of which he spoke look for the occasional shower. If more preachers were of the Talmage style, the home life of America and Canada would be much more genial and beautiful than it is. If more pulpit orators packed away their lexicons and locked the door on long rows of "commentators" and turned their studious eyes to the pages of the lexicon of life and their ears to the comments of the passer-by they would gain an influence over their audiences which they do not now possess. Dr. Talmage is not a handsome or impressive man, and yet thousands throng to see him. He has no beauty of voice, and yet the rich and poor delight to hear him. In the great democracy of thought he has dared to assert himself in the choice of methods of expression, and with his knowledge of people he is able to use his learning and adapt his wide reading to the wants of humanity.

Sam Jones also has a perfect acquaintance with human nature, and this is his power. He delights in using familiar metaphors mixed up with much "hell" and "devil," and by his thorough knowledge of the weak points of his fellow-man he can always stick his javelin in a tender spot and make his hearer feel sore. But as he said the other night, he "puts his fodder on the ground where everything from a rabbit to a giraffe can reach it;" and unfortunately, to carry his simile a little further, much of his "fodder" is trampled into the mud. With an equal knowledge of what people should be told and what they are anxious to hear Talmage deals in truths embowered in flowers rather than "fodder" embedded in mud. Life has few enough beauties and the man who adds to them or teaches us to see and appreciate them is a benefactor of his race. And such is Talmage. DON.

The following letter explains itself. I am sure I should and do feel very grateful for the many letters I receive of which this is an example:

DEAR SIR,—I have read with some interest your articles in SATURDAY NIGHT regarding the various clergymen now engaged in preaching the gospel in our city. I think that a great many of your strictures are well in point,—but my object in writing to you is not so much to criticise what you have said, as to offer a little explanation which may be of service to yourself.

Judging from your articles I am forced to the conclusion that you are still without the light, though, apparently, earnestly seeking it. It is to all such that the blessed promise comes, "Seek and ye shall find," that is to say, if you are seeking you may rest perfectly assured that you will, in our Father's good time, find the salvation you long for. Judging from your last article, however, you are waiting for some "feeling" that all is well. Here you have inverted God's order for the sinner, which is, first believe then feel. Christ says "He that believeth hath," therefore,—as God says that, if you believe you must have, whether you feel that you have or not. It is just here that fatal lack of faith come in which makes God a liar, and keeps so many out of Christ. Trusting this will be read in the spirit in which it is written, I am, dear friend,

A BELIEVER.

Toronto, March 26th, 1888.

P. S.—No preparation is needed to make the sinner fit to be saved by the dear Saviour. He saves the sinner as a sinner, just as he is. Let him, therefore, not worry about "receptive" or "perceptive" frames of mind. Frames of mind and feeling have nothing to do with salvation. It is now and always has been "by faith." Only believe, take God at His word now. He says, "Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," and if you come you must be accepted and saved, no matter what your frame of mind, for God says so, and God cannot lie. Just honor God by believing His gracious word, and you will realize the blessedness of rest and the truthfulness of that saying, "Him that honoreth Me, I will honor." God bless you!

The Happy Family.

'Twas Summertide, and, slowly sinking low
Behind the eternal hills, in crimson glow,
The setting sun was seeking golden rest,
Away beyond in regions of the West,
And, as the day in evening dews declined—
Ere Father Sol his azure throne resigned—
The placid heart of Cabbagetown was stirred,
On every passing breeze a cry was heard
That thrilled with deep and soul-entrancing joy
The scapegrace bosom of each Cabbage boy,
"Great Pandrum comes."

Next day the anxious town,
From "Bummer Jones" to good old Deacon Brown,
Assembled in the glorious morning light,
To catch one brief, ecstatic (gratis) sight
Of prancing steeds and pious circus men,
Flanking each caravan and wild beast den,
In all the glittering pomp and parade
Of Pandrum's circus and menagerie.
Now, later on, that pleasant summer night,
Old Deacon Brown, a godly Baptist light,
Strolled out, *immersed* in deep, distracting thought,
Debating if a Baptist deacon ought
To visit anything so very low
As the great Pandrum's Mammoth circus show;
But curiosity—that pert young jade,
Whose wiles o'ercome, with ease, both man and maid—
Impell'd the musing deacon's erring feet
Towards a quiet, half-a-dollar seat,
Where he—thus mused this man of holy mien—
Unseen could view the fascinating scene.
Alas! the free display of female limbs
Distressed the little man of psalms and hymns,
And thrilled his rather consequential frame
With quickened pulse and truly virtuous shame.
He peeped—oh! he!—and blushed; then peeped again,
(Remember deacons are but mortal men,
E'en parsons sometimes leave the narrow way,
And in the pleasant, broader pastures stray.)
He watched the little spotted clown at play,
The "Arab coursers" rear and prance and neigh;
He saw the "Amazonian Rider" stoop,
Ere swiftly bounding through the tissued hoop;
And again smote his horror-stricken knees
When he beheld old Pandrum's great trapeze
Suspended o'er the vulgar, gaping crowd,
That stared and quizzed and fairly yelled aloud
With frenzied glee as red-haired Senor Pat
O'Rourke, the Andalusian Acrobat,—
A famous Cork hidalgo! an' you please—
Who cleft the heated air with graceful ease,
And—Jove-like—sat (as witness Homer's theme)
Enthroned above the noisy "goda," supreme,
The hero of the howling crowd below.
Which, breathlessly, beheld the "Spaniard" throw
His lissom, sinew'd frame (without a fault)
In a blood-curdling double somersault,
And smile his thanks amid the frantic roars
And pealing thunders of well earn'd applause.
But neither Pat, nor Amazon nor clown
Could cloy the appetite of Deacon Brown,
Who—spite of all the laws of Baptistry—
Now entered Pandrum's great menagerie,
In which—securely caged—a motley crew
Of Natural History met his startled view;
Alarm'd, he heard the wild, enthunder'd roars
Of kingly exiles from old Afric's shores,
And trembled in his boots beneath the cage
That stayed the savage grisly's baleful rage;
He thrilled before the mighty velvet paws
Whose sheaths embraced the Bengal's blood-stained claws.
He saw the somewhat lofty, and giraffe,
He heard the hideous chacma's barking laugh,
And, thankfully, he felt that iron doors
Shut in the Cayman's keen, incisive jaws,
Which hungered for the chattering, ceaseless tide
Of bright-eyed youngster forms that mount and ride
And whack—with many a thoughtless dig and thump—
The patient Bactrian's duplicated hump.
He poked the agile, bounding kangaroo,
And teased the carmine-breasted cockatoo,
But spared the fat old hippopotamus
And mail-clad, single-horned rhinoceros
(Which proves our deacon held, without pretence,
A curious rarity called "commonsense").
But that which fill'd his heart with most delight,
On this self-same, eventful summer's night,
Was Pandrum's famous "Happy Family"—
The boasted pride of the menagerie—
Where howling "yaller" dogs, half squeaking rats,
And caterwauling Charles James Thomas cats,
And timid little mice, and great baboons,
And artful, dodging, ring-tailed, cute racoons,
With savage wolves and mild-eyed, gentle sheep,
Lay down together, dwell and eat and sleep
In edifying peace and harmony,
A really model "Happy Family,"
The even tenor of whose peaceful life
Is innocent of all unseemly strife.
Amazed and fairly speechless with delight
The good old deacon view'd the wondrous sight
With upturned looks, with every finger clasped,
And thus bereft of speech he faintly gasped,
"I never, hardly ever——" But, pardon, friends; no more
Quotations, if you please, from Pinafore.
Suffice it, then, if I but simply say
The good old Baptist deacon went his way
Abstractedly, as in a pleasant dream,
Regardless of the home-bound human stream
That thundered forth in vast tumultuous tide
Away before, behind and at his side,
And onward rushing, swept by devious ways
In one loud sounding wave of earnest praise
(Regarding Pandrum's "Happy Family,"
His circus and the great menagerie)
That beached Brown like a log upon the shore
Of his own treasured home and dry goods store.

O, pleasant, witching night of leafy June,
How softly beamed the sweet young virgin moon
O'er waving fields of swiftly ripening corn
That sighed for all the warmth of coming morn.
Hushed lay the weary songster on his nest,
All mankind (query) bathed in sensuous rest,
Excepting one good soul—old Deacon Brown,
The leading hard-shell Baptist in the town,
Who, sleepless, wrapp'd in *close communion* deep,
Ne'er even dreamed of wooing fickle sleep.
Sad thoughts of Christian theoretic sticks
(Who argue bricks are stones and stones are bricks)
Came creeping o'er his poor distracted brain,
And filled his honest heart with tender pain.
To think that wretched, internecine strife
Existed so in modern Christian life!
And sadly mused how it could ever be
That Christian men and brethren don't agree
To live in mutual peace and harmony—
One friendly, Christian Happy Family!

Anon the gloomy shades of black-robed Night
Are slowly put to ignominious flight
By tiny streaklets of the silver'd dawn
(Sweet heralds of the gently rising Moon),
Whose pleasant, cooing zephyrs softly steep
The Deacon's weary form in precious sleep.
Yes, sleep, for he—ere Orient shed his beams—
Had wandered in the golden land of dreams.
He dreamed, deluded man, with much delight,
That he and ev'ry leading, "shining light"
Of all the different Christian sects had met;
That each had promised each that he'd forget
The bitter past, and all their tenets flood
In loving universal Brotherhood,
Whose leading thought and principle should be—
. . . . . .
Here, Discord smote the youthful "Family,"
For not a single brother would condone
One clause or principle except his own;
And precious soon, the Deacon saw, alas!
The Christian household one chaotic mass.

He saw th' Episcopalian, upright, stand
With ramrod back, and scornful pointed hand
At stern-souled independent constancy
To narrow Congregational bigotry,
And, swiftly borne upon the sobbing wind,
He heard the rather true retort, "You'll find
The proud Episcopalian's foremost creed
Is stuck-up social pride, and miser greed."
A Presbyterian quizzed, as unrefined,
John Wesley's sweet, enthusiastic mind;
A dark-haired Quaker tried to trim the lights
By running down to earth baptismal rites;
Which *friendly* speech stirred up our Deacon's pride,
That, quick as lightning's vivid flash, replied:
"Quaker, our doctrines we shall ne'er regret;
Cold water, Friend, has never hurt us yet."
The recent Dogmas of the Vatican
Were voted down by all, save one old man,
Who really thought "infallibility"
Would surely save the "busted" Family.

A Mormon could not, for his very life,
See how a man could live with but one wife;
"What! more than one!" A Plymouth Brother said,
(Whose ragged ears, and hair-denuded head
Shew'd plainly that his own domestic life
Was not quite free from sanctifying strife.)
"Another wife! Be silent. I'm no muff,
But one, I think, is more than quite enough."
The heir of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young,
Seeing each against him, wisely held his tongue,
Whilst all the others, leaving Pandrum, began
To jeer a young Salvation Army man,
Accompanied by a "Hallelujah lass,"
Whose noisy clamor horrified the mass,
Which shuddered when the hallow'd name of Prayer
Was desecrated by th' excited pair,
Whose dubious actions, somehow, raised the thought,
And justified the popular report,
That both were Ishmaels in the social scale—
The woman from the streets, the man from gaol.

Now, wrangling in Dissenson's hateful throes,
From words these Christian swells soon came to blows,
Until the recent Happy Family
Seemed, to our Deacon, the epitome
Of battered "Christy stiffs," bedrabbled clothes,
Black, "bunged-up" eyes, and claret-colored nose,
With frantic tearings down of treasured rites
By blood-stained pugilistic "shining lights,"
Whose only earthly object seemed to be
The decimation of the Family;
And, truth to tell, our pious beacon light
Was no inert spectator of the fight.
Right manfully he swell'd the bloody fray,
On this eventful, fratricidal day;
Until—oh! cruel fate—two heavy blows,
Intended for St. Peter's Roman nose
By sour-faced Calvin's trenchant arm of might,
And English Churchman, stalwart for the right,
Flew wide the saintly Peter, but, alas!
Hit Brown, who sank beneath this *coup de grace.*

The noonday sunlight streaming o'er the floor,
And anxious servant knocking at his door,
Recalled the warlike dreamer back to life,
From underneath the wrecks of party strife;
But sadly faded were the roseate hues
Of poor old Deacon Brown's Utopian views.
"No," sighed the good man, very mournfully,
"The different sects on earth will not agree;
In Heaven, ah! yes, in Heaven alone can be
One *bona fide* 'Happy Family.'" H. K. COCKIN.

Mr. Parry, formerly of the well-known firm of Ashdown & Parry, music publishers, of London, died recently at the age of 63. He was apprenticed as a boy to Wessel, the old Hamburg music publisher, who introduced the piano-forte music of Liszt, Chopin and others to England, and made a fortune out of them. Messrs. Ashdown and Parry were both apprenticed to Wessel, and they gradually worked themselves up from poor boys to men, and thence to travelers and managers, until on Wessel's retirement in 1850, they succeeded him in business. Mr. Parry made a fortune, and retired in 1882, leaving Mr. Edwin Ashdown sole proprietor of the house. They are the only English publishers who have a branch house in Canada, which is at 89 Yonge street, Toronto.

He Was Disgusted.

A.—Were you invited to the dinner at Baron von Geizig's yesterday?

B.—Yes, I was there.

"I feel sorry for you, for they set an awful poor table."

"That's what I heard, so I made up my mind to fare miserably; but somehow or other we had a splendid dinner. I never was so disappointed and disgusted in my life."

A Pessimist.

Schultz—What makes you look so blue, Miller?

Miller (sighing)—I was just thinking that in nine months and a few days 1888 will have passed into oblivion.

Here and There.

The latest news from Paris has arrived, and the irrepressible Boulanger bobs up serenely to the surface once more. This may mean much or it may mean nothing. Your Frenchman ever alternates betwixt the monkey and the tiger. Fortunately for humanity, the former feature in Jean Sabot's political character obtains more largely at the hour of going to press. The sun of Boulanger as yet has not gone down, although it is most effectually hidden by the murky atmosphere of the inimical Chamber of Deputies.

***

By-the-bye how seldom one hears of that once dreaded Buonapartist, the *spadassin* of the Empire and the last two decades, M. Paul de Cassagnac. Like our "Fighting Fitzgerald," Cassagnac is a born duelist, and nothing used to tickle this fighting journalist's humor so pleasantly as a polite invitation to a quiet half hour in the Bois with or without friends, betwixt sunrise and any other hour in the day. With what charming regularity Cassagnac used to send his men home like so many skinned rabbits the habitues of the boulevards alone can tell. Many a cheek has paled and many a stout heart has beat a trifle quicker at sight of yon slight figure clad in that well nigh historic fighting coat of M. Paul de Cassagnac. Henri Rocheforte, the erratic editor of that erstwhile screech-owl *La Lanterne*, has also been the hero of one or two pretty affairs which have taken place beneath the shadow of the Bois de Boulogne. To-day Rocheforte is well nigh forgotten. But who lives more than a day in the memory of Parisians? To-day Boulanger is the idol alike of bourgeois, ouvrier and petroleuse, and to morrow—parbleu! these same honest folk will greet the fallen hero with unmistakable reference to la lanterne.

***

It approaches somewhat to the nature of a paradox when we find a man—glass screwed *en regle* in his right optic, an orchid in his button-hole—clad in faultless evening attire—posing as one of the people. Yet this is a position most successfully assumed by one Joseph Chamberlain, whom Canada has seen and of whom she has heard much. It is an open secret that he casts a covetous glance at the premiership, and has made himself generally solid with the democracy by his refusal of a baronetcy and a K. C. B., though whether from principle or because the bait was not high enough is a secret known only to the diplomatic member for Birmingham.

***

The ideal Woman's Lighter is generally up in years. Moreover she is seldom depicted as one of a cheerful countenance. Her nose is of the hatchetty order, and her smile, whenever she descends to such, is vinegary indeed.

***

The convention has just met, and, engineered by Miss Susan Anthony, has doubtless done good work. One good feature of the convention is that its members have not resolved themselves into the mutual admiration society usual in gatherings of this nature. But the fact still remains that the lack of success in this movement is almost entirely owing to the want of interest taken in the work by women generally, and the unseemly squabbles of those who have undertaken the self imposed task of providing an injured sex with facilities for becoming a potent factor in politics at the expense of the hearth and home.

***

It seems to me that Archbishop Lynch's answer to Dr. Fulton was complete, and though it entirely ignored the personality of the anti-popery crusader in offering to give the keys of the city convents to Mayor Clarke and a deputation of aldermen, the Archbishop, as head of these institutions, did all that was possible to confute the allegations made by Dr. Fulton. Saying that an inspection of such a kind would be useless as everybody and everything would be prepared to receive them amounts to nothing. They would be as unexpected as the government inspector generally is, and it would be absurd to imagine that the nuns who were described by the Brooklyn preacher as being shut up in rooms where they could see no one, would be liberated or hidden away in subterranean passages in advance of the visit of the municipal delegation. While this is true Mayor Clarke did exactly right in refusing to be mixed up in any such controversy. It is not the Mayor's business to decide in theological disputes. He was not elected to inspect convents, or privately to attend to anybody's business but his own. There are many matters of great public importance which demand the Mayor's attention and we are fortunate in having a man who confines himself to the public functions entrusted to him by the people. If Mayor Clarke's predecessor had pursued the same sensible course he would be much more highly respected in Toronto today.

***

Senator Rolland was a self-made man, but not one who made his way at the expense of his fellows, or by cunning, or by the many arts known to men of the world; but one who made his way simply by the force of his own indomitable courage and self-reliant will. He died at his residence in Montreal last month. When a mere lad he left the old homestead in the country, walked nearly twenty miles to Montreal, and arrived in that city with twenty-five cents in his pocket. Not a large amount truly, and yet to the sturdy young French-Canadian it was the foundation of a fortune. It paid for a night's lodging and a breakfast next morning, and before noon he had secured a situation. Since that time by constant attention to business, by a persistency which cannot be too greatly admired or too closely imitated, and, as some would say, by a run of luck which is not vouchsafed to all, the youth gradually acquired enough to go into business for himself. The business grew and was gradually extended, until it became one of the largest in its line in Canada. The founder of it was in time called to the Senate of the Dominion, and when he died the other day he left not only a fortune of over half a million dollars, but a name honored by his countrymen as one who had done much to build up the fame and fortune of our great Dominion.

Chat From The 'Varsity.

The Y. M. C. A. has a scheme before the graduates, undergraduates and others who may have an interest in the work they are doing, by which they expect to raise a fund called the Sustentation fund to maintain a paid secretary. Contributions for this purpose are gradually coming in and the office will in all probability be filled next fall.

*

Mr. J. B. Fyke, formerly a student of Trinity, has been taking a very active part in the Young Men's Liberal club. Mr. Fyke's collegiate course has been so broad that he is believed to have taken a little of everything.

*

The medical examinations in connection with the University begin on April 14th.

*

Very few of the students took advantage of the breathing spell offered by the Easter holidays. The lectures for the year are practically at an end, and the "workers" are busy sifting and putting in shape the miscellaneous mass of information collected during the session, while a few unfortunates may be excitedly rummaging their book-shelves for unused translations.

*

The first meeting of the cricket club was called on Monday, April 2nd, by the secretary, Mr. F. J. Snetsinger. Football is our game, but it is to be hoped that the English game will not be allowed to die out. Lacrosse does not take its place, being played more in the fall. We have no boating here as they have at Yale and the English colleges to demand special attention in the spring. The new Yale barge, has which just been finished, cost $350 and is of the finest workmanship.

*

The annual meeting of the Temperance league was held on Wednesday, March 28. Mr. D. R. Keys, B.A., was elected hon. president and Mr. H. W. C. Shore president; Mr. N. Morrison is first vice and Mr. A. J. Hunter sec.-treas. Plans for next year were discussed. The membership now includes a large percentage of the students.

*

Mr. J. E. Jones, chairman of the song-book committee, has sent sample copies of the book to the different Canadian colleges that it may be more generally introduced.

*

A meeting of the gymnasium association to elect officers for the coming year was called for Friday, April 6, by the retiring president, Mr. W. Prendergast.

*

The examinations at Knox are over, and the students are going forth to their respective summer resorts, the majority of them Orpheus-like to charm the listening rocks and pines of Muskoka.

*

Mr. J. R. Mann goes to Blind river, Algoma, Mr. J. R. Sinclair to Serpent river, Mr. Harry Horne to Spanish river, and Mr. E. Harrison to Loring, Parry Sound.

*

Mr. H. R. Fraser of the graduating class will spend probably a year in British Columbia, whither Mr. Sam Shultz, '88 'Varsity, is also bound on a different mission.

*

For the North-west are ticketed Messrs. Jas. Drummond and Wm. Haig, while Messrs. H. E. A. Reid, B. A., W. Gould, J. Gilchrist and P. J. McLaren, B. A., will spend the summer at different points of Muskoka.

*

Miss Madge R. Robertson has been in the city for a couple of weeks reading from the library. She will write on the third year examination. TOGA.

The following pathetic incident is related by a New York journalist: Walking down Broadway, the other afternoon, I saw a very pretty woman, looking all sorts of rapt and devoted things at a photograph of Edwin Booth, in a show-window. Wonderingly, I paused, for a moment, trying to make out just what her exact emotion was, when suddenly she looked up and discovered what I was at. Her face flushed, and for a second her large, dark, beautiful eyes were cast downward. Then, pulling herself together, she explained. She was the daughter of an old English actor, and ten years ago, when her disabled father was starving, and had nothing to live on but the slender pittance she managed to make out of needle-work, Mr. Booth found out their plight. The dying actor and his over-worked daughter were instantly put in comfortable circumstances, and when the poor old fellow died, the expenses of his funeral were paid by Mr. Booth's representatives. The lady was happily married, soon after the death of her father, but she still worships Mr. Booth as a sort of Deity. "Two years ago," she said, "when his daughter was so dangerously ill, I prayed for her, night and day." And her eyes were moist with tears as she turned away.

Sat Down on.

Lady—Are you acquainted with Miss Schmidt?

Dude—Yaas, I talked with her for half an hour the other night at the ball. Awful stupid cwature.

"How so?"

"Why, you see she nevah opened her mouth the whole time I wath talking to her."

"What! Didn't she even yawn?"

Miss Sangbleu (indignantly)—Waiter, you've got your thumb in my soup! Green waiter (assuringly)—No matter, miss; it isn't hot enough to burn me.

Blobson (the morning after the club banquet—Well, Dumpsey, how did you come out last night? Dumpsey—Give us a hard one. Ask me how I got in.

No stronger company in all its members has visited Toronto this season than that which has been playing Jim the Penman at the Grand this week. The principal characters are presented with rare fidelity to nature, while even those of less importance are acted with such ability as to call forth the highest commendation. It is seldom that leading actors have such support, and the result is that there are no weak places; no interpolations of unfortunate expression, nor any untaught antics of an ignorant supe rasp on the nerves of the sensitive auditor. Jim the Penman is a play of the present day, of the Dr. Jekyll and Deacon Brodie type, and the characters belong to the English middle class. James Ralston, called Jim the Penman from his fatal skill in chirography, is connected with a company which had turned this talent of his to account. By forgery he has separated two lovers in such a way as to deceive them both, and succeeds in persuading the lady to marry himself. He accumulates wealth and rises in the social scale till he is asked to "stand for the county." But his conscience upbraids him and Nemesis pursues him, and it is on the gradual discovery by his wife of his real nature that the whole interest of the plot depends. The language employed is chaste and elegant, and the wit and humor of the piece are of the genuine kind, elegant and satirical, without a suspicion of that circus-clown joke with which we have been surfeited all winter. The costumes are the ordinary evening and morning dresses with which we are all familiar, and which in this company are worn with ease, dignity and grace by every member. The scenery and stage setting were not grand, but were well adapted to the representation of the play.

The part of Jim the Penman, with his strong, dogged countenance marked by lines of anxiety and fear, the strength of passion, the nervousness of a guilty conscience and the fierceness of a criminal when brought to bay, were splendidly represented by George Edgar. The workings of his face as it was alternately swept by emotions of triumph, fear, remorse or reckless bravado were excellent. But it can be fairly said that Harry Eytinge as Baron Hartfeld divided the honors with him.

*

A more hardened criminal than the Penman was the Baron, a heartless, callous, avaricious, cool-headed villain, seemingly without a conscience. He reminds one a little of Shylock in his cupidity, only that he is a far greater villain. The Baron is a strong character, and requires much study, which makes Mr. Eytinge's admirable rendering of it all the more commendable. Louis Percival, the early friend of Ralston, and the lover whom he had wronged, is well given by Mr. Huntingdon. He has not the force of the two I have mentioned, but his part does not require the external exhibition of violent emotions. He is the noble-hearted man, the Antonio, who wants to do good, but must stifle largely his emotions and impulses. It is a difficult part. Capt. Redwood, the dude, created most of the fun by his languid actions, haw-haw speech and habit of falling asleep. These, however, turn out to be the ruses of a shrewd detective. Miss May Brookyn is a pretty woman, but she has ability which transcends her beauty. Her acting as Mrs. Ralston was powerful and realistic. In the scene in which she discovers the fact that her husband, the father of her children, was the man who had forged the letters which separated her from her first love, she held the audience in a spell painfully intense. Though she spoke not a word, her movements and the expression of her face as the terrible truth dawned upon her told the story better than words.

*

This was the strongest situation in the whole play, but the closing scene was worthy of what had preceded it, and when the doors were thrown open and the gay party at the wedding banquet were revealed, it recalled to my mind Coleridge's weird poem:

"The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set,
May'st hear the merry din."

But he who should have sat at the head of the board, was absent. He was detained by a mysterious being who would not let him go. Jim, the Penman was dead.

*

When M. B. Curtis first appeared as Sam'l of Posen it was one of the funniest plays ever seen on the road, though he was the show. The play without Curtis has never been much of a success, though Russell Bassett, who has been presenting it at the Toronto Opera House for the past week, is a fairly good comedian. The support, however, is poor, and many attempts to imitate semi-Americanized German were very bad. Miss Ray Dobson scored one little hit and received a recall, but beyond this the play deserves no special mention. I have several times called attention to the folly of keeping worn-out comedies on the boards. Sam'l of Posen is footsore, and the tired drummer should be sent back to the house for fresh samples.

*

Erminie, which is on at the Grand Opera House all next week, has outdistanced all its predecessors in the field of comic opera by attaining the astonishing record of 700 nights at the New York Casino—and vastly profitable nights they have been, too, for even in the hottest weather of the summer seats were at a premium and standing-room crowded. Its popularity can hardly be a source of surprise to those who have sat through its charming representation by Mr. Rudolph Aronson's splendid organization, for it seems to possess all the elements necessary to please the audiences of to-day. It has been the rule that the great majority of comic operas could not boast of anything beyond pretty music and handsome dressing. Pleasing enough they often were to the musical enthusiast, but they lacked something in interest to the ordinary patron, who wanted to be amused as well as treated to effective music. Erminie, with its funny comedy interest, proved its superiority at the start, and the applause that greeted it nightly clearly indicated that the key note of public desire had been touched. The audiences found not only the most delightful airs, but a vein of broad farce-comedy that caused them to laugh without cessation from the first rise to the final fall of the curtain. There was something so intensely amusing about the comical escapades of those two happy-go-lucky thieves, Cadeaux and Ravenues, that laughter could not be restrained. It will be given next week at the Grand Opera House here, by Mr. Rudolph Aronson's superb company in all its perfection. With such a remarkable cast, the complete scenery, the brilliant costumes and the excellent surroundings, it cannot fail to arouse an interest that will result in a very large business. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. The only changes in the cast, which by no means weaken it, are Annie O'Keefe as Cerise, and Georgie Dennin as Javotte.

*

The Atkinson's comedy company will be at the Toronto Opera House all next week, and it will play Peck's Bad Boy, a piece which, for its kind of humor, cannot easily be beaten for fun. The publication of Mr. George W. Peck's recent book, The Grocery Man and Peck's Bad Boy, has given the dramatist, Mr. Charles F. Pidgin, the opportunity of eliminating all the jokes which, by previous repetition by this company, have begun to flavor of the chestnut, and replacing them with fresh humor which is apt to set a house roaring with laughter. Master Harry Brooks retains his part in the play, that of Henery Peck, the urchin who raises hob wherever he goes, and keeps the audience in a constant state of giggle; Mr. Johnny Prindle, whose character creations please, plays Dr. Bullock, and the company has a decided acquisition in Miss Marie Heath, who plays Minnie Clay, the Bad Boy's sweetheart.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Charles Wyndham has been playing David Garrick in three languages on the continent.

Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunther has dramatized his novel, Mr. Barnes of New York, and the new play will shortly be seen at the Olympic Theater in London.

Mary Anderson has formally acknowledge her engagement to young Mr. Beckwith, the London dry goods merchant, and the wedding has been definitely fixed for the second week in May of next year.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde promises to be another Pinafore in its way. Already two stars are playing versions of the book, and it is said six other dramatizations are actually in existence in New York. Two more stars are rehearsing versions of their own, and by the middle of next season, if the craze only keeps up, there will be as many Jekyll and Hyde combinations on the road as there were Pinafore companies three or four years ago.

Money easily made is often easily spent, and Richard Benlstar, an inmate of the Forest Home is a living example of this truism. Born in London in 1829, he appears to have withdrawn from the stage sometime prior to 1855, as in that year he was conducting a saloon in Philadelphia, and doing a prosperous business. Fortunately, or unfortunately, he won the capital prize of $100,000 in the Havana Lottery, gave his saloon to his bartender, bought a farm in Kentucky, and invested his money in horses. His presence in the home as an inmate tells the result of his investment.

A voice from Bohemia has penetrated to the outer world, and it tells one of the tragedies of human life. Gerster, the once matchless song bird, was lately with us, and this is what the voice from Bohemia says of her:

Some years ago—never mind how many—Herr Dr. Gardini was one of the well-to-do practitioners in Vienna. It would take two men of his size to make one ordinary built man, but he was a jolly, kindly fellow who loved all that was beautiful in life and had fortune enough to enjoy it. He was a first nighter at the operas, a gracious, gentle and generous man of the world, whose bachelorhood had not made him crusty or rugged-hearted.

One day, strolling past one of the big houses in Vienna, he heard the notes of an old South German song that he used to sing himself in his university days, and he stopped to listen to the song and if possible see the singer. But the voice grew upon him and the doctor was a judge of the melodious sweetness that was caroled forth from the lips of the still unseen songstress. It stopped and the doctor went on his way.

He came back again and again, day by day, until he knew that the song had been sung by a little German peasant girl from one of the southern provinces, who had come to Vienna to make a living for herself as a servant in rich people's houses. He talked with her and took upon himself the care and expense of her education.

That girl was Gerster, though she was not called by that name in those early days.

The years went along, and the girl grew to womanhood, entered upon her career and made the success which the world has accorded to her. Wherever she went the little dark-featured doctor who had smoothed and made possible the upward course of the great singer went with her. He managed her business affairs, he looked for her comfort and her well-being, he gave lavishly of his own means to gild the early days of her lyric struggles.

Of course he loved her, and one summer morning, in a quiet little country town, they were married. It was not then said, as it has been since, that Gerster's great feeling of gratitude towards him had made her consent to be his wife. Nor has the after history of their lives given any evidence that the songstress is very deeply impressionable in that respect. It was supposed to be a love match then, and without a doubt it was on the part of the kindly doctor who had changed the peasant girl into the lyric queen.

The doctor is not with the once famous singer during her present trip. Indeed, it is said that he will be with her no more. The story of the married lives of so many of our actresses and society women has, it seems, been repeated in the case of the doctor and his peasant girl wife, for Gerster and he have let the world drift between them.

The children are with their mother. There must be a goodly number, for "Gerster and her baby" were kept pretty well before the public during her tours in America and there seemed to be a baby continually. In the quiet, sleepy town of Trieste, with its Austrian soldiery and Italian ways, the little doctor is passing the waning years of his life. He is not as rich as he used to be and the old familiar haunts of his happy Vienna existence will know him no more.

He gave Gerster's song life to the world and the world repaid him by destroying his own home life.

A.—Why does Miss Elderly go on the ice every time there is skating?

B.—Because that's her only chance to see men at her feet.

L. R. O'Brien.

Mr. O'Brien, the president of the Royal Canadian Society of Artists, is a Canadian His birthplace was on the shores of Lake Simcoe. He was originally an architect and civil engineer, but for the last fourteen years he has taken to the pallette and brush. Mr. O'Brien has taken no regular academic course of study, and his success has depended entirely on his own industry and perseverance. "There are, no doubt, many advantages to be derived from a course in the schools," said Mr. O'Brien, "but not so much as is popularly supposed. A great many men have got the best part of their education after they have left school." The arrangement of the artistic portion of Picturesque Canada occupied his time for about four years. In connection with this he traveled extensively through Canada, and the beautiful results of the work of himself and associates have been placed in thousands of homes throughout the Dominion. Shortly after the formation of the Ontario Society of Artists, in 1872, he was chosen vice-president, and held that position till the Academy was formed, in 1880. He was elected president of the Academy at that time, and has held the office ever since.

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WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD.

Author of "Parmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

A FIERCE FALLING OUT.

Deacon Jones on Monday morning was but little less furious than on Sunday night. When coming home from Gilbert's he would have given all his earthly possessions to have accomplished the ruin and humiliation of Ruth and Ben, but a night of sleepless thinking had revealed the absurdity of his position, and, like every other man, the Deacon could not endure the thought of being laughed at. He felt sure that Ben and Rufe would tell the story to every lounger in the village tavern, but they would not be believed unless Uncle Abe Gaylor repeated the conversation they had heard at his gate the night before. The widower resolved to make peace with Uncle Abe if possible, but felt it would be difficult when he remembered the way he had threatened his friend to bring him before the church to answer for his profanity.

"Where's A-brum?" enquired the Deacon, nervously, of the very contemptuous looking matron who opened the Gaylor door in reply to his knock.

"Out to th' barn huskin' corn. Yer goin' teh be married agin, ain't yeh, Deacon?"

"Oh, no, Sister Gaylor, thet report's jist a joke on me."

"Why, yeh said so yerself, didn't yeh? I heard yeh was braggin' teh everybody thet yeh was gunto marry Ruth Gilbert."

"Oh, no, no, Sister Gaylor; nuthin' of th' kind. How people dew talk! Good mornin'."

The already disconcerted Deacon left his horse up to the barn, tied it to a post and carefully covered it with a buffalo robe, inwardly praying the while that he would find Uncle Abe alone.

"Why, good mornin', Dee-kin," chirped Uncle Abe, looking up from his work with his eyes twinkling. "Cum teh git me for a bridesmaid teh stand up teh th' weddin' with yeh?"

"Now, A-brum," protested the Deacon, with an uneasy smirk, "didn't git on me. I've come teh ast yer advice. Where's Frank and Bub?"

"Gone over teh th' other place teh feed th' cattle. Yeh want my advice? I thought yeh'd got too fer fur thet, Dee-kin," grinned Uncle Abe from his nest of corn-stalks. "I thought from th' way yeh talked last night yeh didn't need no friends no more, since yer gunto marry Ruth Gilbert."

"I hain't goin' teh marry Ruth Gilbert. Yeh jumped too quick last night, A-brum."

"Hain't goin' teh marry her, eh? Well, dang me, I'm glad a' thet—fer her sake more n yours" —added Uncle Abe, manifesting his pleasure by tossing in the air an ear of corn, which fellith a rattle on the yellow heap in the corner of the barn floor. "I didn't think she was fool enough teh throw herself away on th' likes a' you."

"Well, yeh air compliment'ry, A-brum. What a tur'ble hand yeh air teh twit folks."

"Well, if I hain't compliment'ry, Dee-kin," answered Uncle Abe, complacently continuing his husking, "I guess it is beca'se I don't feel like handin' any compliments 'round fer th' way yeh said yeh was goin' teh hev me afore th' church fer swearin' when no e'thly man could have helped cussin' at th' thought a' you marryin' a nice, honest, merry-hearted little gurl like Ruth Gilbert."

As he spoke Uncle Abe got excited. "Why, I'd a'ruther bin arrangin' the fun'ral an' seen th' gurl laid out fer her grave than married to a peaky old critter like you."

The Deacon had a long corn-stalk in his hand, and while he listened to Uncle Abe's candid remarks he nervously switched at the ears of corn scattered here and there over the barn floor.

"Don't be sch hard on me, A-brum; I'm in tur'ble trubble, and I come teh yeh now teh ast yer advice. I didn't think fer a minute thet you'd jump at me an' abuse me like yeh hev, or I'd never sot foot on th' place," sighed the Deacon, his face a picture of grief.

Uncle Abe's insatiable curiosity prompted him to a more conciliatory manner.

"Didn't no wuss than yeh jumped on teh me last night, Dee-kin, but I hain't got no ill-feelin's; if I kin help yeh out of any scrape, why jist go right ahead an' tell me all about it."

"I hain't in no scrape, but thet Ben a' mine has been tryin' teh make a fool a' me."

"Why, is Ben home?"

"Yes, he's back, playin' all sorts a' pranks on me; an' last night up teh Gilbert's he sot Ruth agin' me, an' acted in a way thet nigh broke my heart."

"Mebby he wants teh marry Ruth hisself?"

"Mebby he does. That kind of a feller wants teh marry every good-lookin' gurl he sees. Like enuff he's got half-a dozen wives lyin' 'round one place'n another. I hain't no confidence in sich a him!"

"He don't seem teh hev much confidence in you, nuther. It's just about even, Stephen, 'twern' yeh, I guess!" laughed Uncle Abe. "What did he do teh yeh?"

"Well, thet ain't nuther here nor there. All I kin tell yeh is that if folks is punished fer breakin' th' commandment, 'Honor your father an' yer mother,' I wouldn't want teh be in Ben's shoes when he stan's afore the Great Wite Throne on Jedgment day."

"I suppose he raised a laugh on yeh?" enquired Uncle Abe, taking out his knife and commencing to whittle a corn-stalk.

"Let's don't talk no more 'bout him, A-brum. It makes me wild teh think I'd ever a' raised a son thet ye'd be guilty a' sich doin's as his'n. I hain't hevin' no comfort 'ith my fam'ly, an' I've made up my mind teh let 'em shift fur 'emselves. I'm a-goin' teh git married agin whether they like it er no', an' if they don't like it they kin jist lump it an' git out!" exclaimed the Deacon, with determination. "I ast yer advice onst——"

"Yes, an' if ye'd 'uv took it," interrupted Uncle Abe, "yeh'd be'n a blamed sight better off instead o' worryin' thet Campton gurl an' starlin stories 'bout her till she looks ready the drop 'ith shame, an' hardly anybody 'll speak to her."

"I didn't start no stories 'bout her, A-brum. Yeh never heerd me say a word agin her."

"Well, someone did, an' I've always kind a' thought it was you frum what Hope let on teh me one day she was here. What's there agin' her anyhow?" enquired Uncle Abe, peering curiously at the Deacon from under those funny little folds of skin which made his eyes look like bright black beads shining through pleated wrinkles and a shaggy fringe of eyebrows.

The Deacon had not yet forgiven Hope for her scornful refusal of his proposal and after a brief silence, during which his pale eyes were following the squares and circles he was marking with a cornstalk in the dust of the barn floor, he resolved to tell what he knew.

"Yeh won't never tell, A-brum, if I give yeh th' facts?" asked the Deacon slowly.

"Tell! why of course I won't tell. I never told nuthin' anybody ever told me—yeh know that. It's just as safe as yeh told it teh th dead. I won't whisper a word!"

"Well, then, I kin tell yeh that any stories 'bout Hope havin' done anythin' wrong herself ain't true an' I don't know how they got started, but me bein' an executor, while I th' was lookin' over some a' her papers I come acrost a marriage cer-tiffy-cut of her paw an' maw an' tied right up 'ith it in th' same bundle was th' cer-tiffy-cut they got when they registered her birth an' I noticed th' marriage lines was in November, 1860, an'——

The Deacon paused, seized the corn-stalk with both hands while a look of pious horror came into his face at the thought of the disclosure he was about to make:

"—the birth cer-tiffy-cut showed thet Hope was born in January, 1861. I didn't notis' nuthin' at first, but when I got figurin' out how long it u'd be afore she was of age teh git her property it struck me all to one!"

Again the Deacon paused and pulled his face out to its full length, as he concluded in an undertone:

"—thet she'd been born 'bout pretty nigh as long's they'd been married."

Uncle Abe, who before now had seen almanacs taken down and calculations made of a similar description, grasped the idea at once, but didn't seem to be as paralyzed with horror as was the particular Deacon.

"Well, what of it, I s'pose if there was any one mean enough teh do it, thet kalkilations a' thet kind 'ud hit lots a' folks 'sides Hope. I don't see nuthin agin' her in that. If she'd been consulted like enough she'd hev be'n born a year or two younger'n she is. There hain't no reason fer yeh pullin' yer mug down till it's as long's thet corn-stalk 'bout anythin' a' thet kind, and if yeh've gone and told it 'round after th' way her mother treated yeh, I think yeh're a d——n, mean old skunk, if I hev to be brought 'afore th' church next Sunday fer sayin' it," exclaimed Uncle Abe, viciously, shutting his jackknife with a snap and shoving it into his pocket.

"But I *hain't* told it, A-brum, teh nobody but you, 'cept'n Hope——

"An' what'n thunder did yeh go an' tell her fer?"

"Well, I thought she ought teh know. I felt it my dooty teh tell her so she wouldn't act so haughty an' overbearin' teh people as she does."

"Yer dooty!" squeaked Uncle Abe, scornfully. "Yer dooty! Well, dang me if it doesn't make me laugh t' hear yeh talk 'bout dooty! You don't know no more 'bout dooty than a hog does 'bout 'rithmetic. She never acted haughty ner overbearin' to nobody that minded their own bis-ness. She might hev given yeh a settin' out when yeh ast her teh marry yeh, an' I wouldn't hev thought much uver if she hadn't. I 'spose that's th' way yeh got even 'ith th' poor critter!"

"Brother Gaylor," said the Deacon, severely, but unable to look his friend in the face, or more than furtively raise his eyes from the geometrical exercises with the corn-stalk on the floor, "yeh hain't no right teh talk teh me like that. I guess I know my dooty jist as well's you kin tell me, an' I think my daily walk an' conversation is nigher that ev th' Master's than yourn."

"Don't give me none of yer cant, Deacon Jones," shouted Uncle Abe, excitedly, as he sprang from his nest of corn-stalks. "Either you're goin' teh git kicked out o' th' church on th' town line, er I'm *goin'* out. Yeh can't call a church meetin' too soon fer me. I've jist took all th' danged snivel an' sass from yeh I'm gunto."

The Deacon rose with considerable dignity, and, extending his long arm, he shook the corn-stalk he had been holding threateningly at Uncle Abe.

"Brother Gaylor, yeh can't bully-rag me. I've beh too consistent a Christian in this neighberhood fer th' last forty years fer you er anybody else teh make trouble fer me in th' church."

"Call yer meetin'! Call yer meetin'! Don't stand there shakin' nuthin' at me. I kin bring evidence agin' yeh that'll make yeh sick!"

"Yeh can't; yeh can't do it, A-brum Gaylor! I hain't done nuthin' that kin be brought up agin' me, let alone anythin' you kin rake up fer th' church meetin'."

"Yeh hain't, eh? How 'bout the cow yeh sold teh Widder Smith, an' her a' takin' in washin' teh keep her fam'ly from starvin', an' the danged old thing was seh old she hadn't a tooth in her head an' yeh hed teh feed her on mush teh keep her frum starvin', an' yeh charged her the price of *two* cows? An' how 'bout thet set a' harness yeh worked off on th' last preacher thet was here, fer bein' as good as new? An' how 'bout bein' hauled up afore th' cheese factory fer skimmin' th' milk can afore yeh sent it; an' how 'bout abusin' yer wife—"

"I never abused my wife, Alfe Gaylor. If yeh say I did, yer a liar."

"Yeh prove yeh did!"

"Yeh lie; yer can't prove I did!"

"I kin, too, by yer own fam'ly!"

"I s'pose Frank told yeh that!—suthin' he found out hangin' 'round our Bess. Well, he'll never marry her, I kin tell yeh that, after th' drunken spree he hed up teh th' village last winter."

"Yeh say my Frank was drunk up teh th' village?" demanded Uncle Abe, advancing threateningly.

"Yes, I say it, an' I kin prove it, too."

Uncle Abe glanced around the barn, and a whiffletree leaning against the door caught his eye. He seized it and again advanced towards the Deacon.

"Take thet back or I'll bust yer head in fer yeh. My Frank drunk! You kin slander women who hain't no friends, but yeh can't say nothin' agin my Frank. He is the best boy there is 'round here, and he wasn't never drunk," shouted Uncle Abe. "Take it back, I tell yeh!"

"I won't take nuthin' back," retorted the Deacon, watching for a good opportunity to close with his antagonist. "He *was* drunk, an' I'll hev yeh afore th' court fer threat'nin' langwidge."

"Don't hit him, father, I was drunk," interposed Frank Gaylor, who had entered from the stable and heard the Deacon's charge.

"Now, didn't I tell yeh!" snarled the Deacon.

"Yes, yeh told him," retorted Frank, fiercely, "it's pretty nigh a year ago, and you are th' only man in th' village mean enough to let father or mother know about it."

The whiffletree dropped from Uncle Abe's hands. "Frank," he cried, "was yeh drunk?"

"Yes, father, I was. The boys put up a job on me at the tavern one night. I had no business to be there, but I happened in and sat around listenin' to their talk and drinkin' cider, I thought, but it was half whisky, and I got tipsy and made a fool of myself. Everybody knew I wasn't to blame, except for bein' there, an' they never let you an' mother know."

His father's passionate espousal of his cause and the shame he saw in his face wounded Frank more than a thousand reproaches.

"I'll never do it again, father," he exclaimed, repentantly, as he stood in his manly way before the old man, "some pride I had always been. "Never, so long as I live, will anybody ever get me to take a drop of anything in a tavern again. I ought to have told you sooner, but you have always been so good to me, father, that I was ashamed to."

"I believe in yeh, Frank, an' wish yeh hed told me afore, but it's all right, Frank," cried the old man, reaching out and seizing his son by the arms. "I wish yeh'd staid away another minnit an' I'd a' giv' this old skunk a welt acrost th' head thet would hev made him hump."

"Don't quarrel with him—for my sake, and —and—and—for Bessie's sake."

"Bessie hain't nuthin' teh you an' never will be, an' if I ever ketch yeh on my farm again I'll dog yeh off," snapped the Deacon, buttoning up his coat. "Tain't no wonder yer father lets yeh off easy fer th' way ye've acted, fer it ain't morn's six months since he was ex fut as a tick while he was away on the jury up at th' county town, an' I'll hev ye afore th' church, Abe Gaylor, inside a week, er I'll know th' reason why."

"Go ahead," said Frank, "I'm glad he's my father instead of you."

"And I'm glad yer his son an' not mine," answered the Deacon with a malignant look, as he slunk out of the door.

"Say, Frank," half whispered Uncle Abe after the Deacon had gone, "what ye says is right 'bout me gittin' full up teh th' county town, but it hain't happened afore in ten years. It'll come out at th' church meetin', so yer might jist as well know it, but 'cause I hain't jist what I ought to be, hain't no reason fer you carryin' on like th' way we used teh when I was a boy an' hed no bringin' up. Yeh'll never drink agin, will yeh, Frank?"

"Never, father,—as long as I live."

"An' say, Frank, don't let on teh mother."

"I won't, father, you can be sure of that."

"I'll tell her myself, Frank, jest as soon as I git a good chance afore th' church meetin' comes off, an' while she's good an' mad at th' Deacon she won't be seh hard onto you'n me."

(To be Continued.)

Glorify the Room.

Wide open throw the shutters, and
The curtains throw aside,
Let in the sun's bright messengers
In all their golden pride.
What matter if from costly rug
They take the rainbow bloom?
They'll shower gems on it instead,
And glorify the room.

Glad are the tidings that they bring
From wood, and field, and hill,
From singing bird and humming bee
And little dancing rill.
Before them many shadows fly,
They banish thoughts of gloom;
Then, with a welcome, let them in
To glorify the room.

With them comes health—upon the weak
They may blessings shed,
Their kisses strengthen tired eyes,
And touch pale cheeks with red;
No place too drear for them to seek
Its darkness to illume;
Thank God that we can let them in
To glorify the room

The New Baby.

Mr. Oldboy (looking at the baby)—Well—um—it's rather a fine baby, isn't it?

Mother—Of course it is, Mr. Oldboy. I think it is perfectly lovely!

Mr. Oldboy—Oh, do you? We'l—er—you must be naturally fond of children, I suppose!

Personalities.

"Bertie" Stopford, the London milliner, is the Hon. Albert Stopford, a half-brother of Lord Courtoun. In business he is M. Felix, of Felix & Roux's, St. George's Place, Hyde Park. He has had plenty of distinguished patronage, and some from the theatres, which pays much better. He dressed Lady Monckton for The Red Lamp, and has dressed some ballets. He understands buying in Paris very well, and no wonder, for the Comtesse de Paris takes him about with her when she goes shopping. The Comtesse de Paris is considered one of the best dressed women in Europe.

P. T. Barnum says that if he is nominated for the Presidency he will not decline the honor, and he thinks that he is peculiary well fixed for stumping the country in his own behalf. "Our average daily crowd," says this irrepressible showman, "is twenty thousand, and the season lasts six months. Is there any candidate who can talk to a crowd like that under his own tents, and make his boom pay expenses?" Mr. Barnum fears that he has passed the limitation of candidates in years, but he is physically sound. He is very abstemious in his habits, and takes good care of himself. As a rule, he is in bed by ten o'clock, and the bulk of his business is transacted before noon. After lunch he takes a two hours' nap, and then goes out for a drive or a visit.

The regular allowance of the Prince of Wales by Parliament is forty thousand pounds sterling a year, to which must be added ten thousand pounds sterling more, which is usually allowed to the princess. He receives a further annual income of sixty thousand to seventy thousand pounds sterling from the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, which is his by birthright. His income, in round numbers, is about five hundred thousand dollars a year. He spends every penny of it, and is often reported as being in debt. The prince is in his forty-eighth year. He is scarcely five feet seven, and has become quite stout. He must weigh fully one hundred and eighty pounds. He dresses neatly, but plainly. It cannot be said that he is now a leader of fashion. The leadership has passed to his son, Prince Albert Victor.

Prince Oscar of Sweden, and his fiancee, Miss Ebba Munck, are passionately fond of both sailing and skating. It was upon the lake that the two first met, and most of their love-making has taken place, flying side by side over the frozen plains, on steel runners. Of course, the laws of Sweden forbidding marriage with a subject, the king and queen opposed their son's fancy for the new lady-in-waiting; finally the prince, by giving up all claim to the throne, resigning his State allowance, and all royal privileges and emolument, secured a consent to his marriage. All that is left is his barren title, which his children will not inherit; his position as admiral in the fleet which was fairly won during his long naval service, and a very small private fortune. His wife, however, has money enough for both.

M. Henri Rochefort's first duel occurred while he was living with his parents, and was devoting the leisure which he could spare from his office work to the composition of the theatrical notices for "Charivari." His literary fortune was yet to be made. A remark contained in one of his articles gave bitter offense to the editor of the *Gaulois*, which was then a small and insignificant print. This gentleman, whose name was Delvalle, at once sent a couple of friends to M. Rochefort, who, on his side accepted the challenge; but what was to be done? The affair was to come off on the following day, and Rochefort had never handled a sword in his life. Paul Veron got a man, who had served as sergeant-major in the Zouaves, to give him a lesson; but when he arrived on the ground the next morning, Rochefort had completely forgotten all the hints which he had received. He held his sword anyhow, made no attempt to defend himself, and in the first pass sustained a scratch on the ribs.

She Promised Not to Kiss Him if he Would Buy a Book.

"She was a pretty woman, and when she came into my office on Olive street she walked right up and said:

"'Now, sir, I want you to stop writing and ook at the book I am selling.'

"'My dear madam, I am very busy and I hope you will leave me.'

"'Now, don't refuse me. I must get your subscription.'

"She arose, coming up closer, putting one hand on the back of the chair upon which I was sitting, and bending down with a tender look in her eyes said:

"'Now, you know you'll subscribe for this book.'

"I protested and did wish she would leave and said that she had gotten hold of the wrong man.

"She replied that she had not, that she meant business and was going to have my subscription.

"I began to get nervous, as I was alone in the office with a pretty woman. I begged her to leave—that it was becoming embarrassing.

"'I'll tell you what I'll do,' she remarked, bringing her face down to the level of my own, 'if you'll subscribe I'll promise not to kiss you before I leave the office.'

"I subscribed."

Renunciation.

Miss Churchman—Oh, yes, I always deny myself in Lent. I give up cards, music, frivolous reading and unedifying conversation. Now, what do you give up?

Mr. Mundame (reflectively)—I think I'll give up calling here!

She Couldn't Hope for it.

Elderly Spinster—I can't see why you young girls should be so absurdly timid. You can't walk a block after dark without being in an agony of fear thinking that somebody may be following you.

"Do you never look back to see if some man is following you?"

"No. What's the use? It wouldn't be my luck."

In the West.

Proprietor Kansas Hotel—Have the waiter gentlemen had their supper yet?

Head Waiter—Yes, sah.

"Has the professor of cooking saved all he wants for his family and friends?"

"Yes, sah."

"Did the upstairs ladies and the stable gentlemen have all they wanted?"

"Yes, sah."

"Is there anything left?"

"A little, sah."

"Well, call in the boarders."

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First class-room and floor in Toronto. Reception, Ladies' and Gentlemen's dressing rooms in connection. New classes are continually forming. For particulars apply to PROF. THOMAS, *Principal*.

NOTE—New and original dances will be introduced.

During the Big Storm.

Countryman (who has strayed into Delmonico's in the great snow storm)—That's a spring lamb watch, mister!

Waiter—Two dollars and a half, sir.

Countryman—I don't mean a hull lamb, jest enough to fill up on.

J. W. McADAM, BOOTS and SHOES

Is moving to J. O'MALLEY'S old stand,

88 QUEEN STREET WEST

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS,

AND A REVOLUTION IN PRICES

Look out for bargains before moving from the corner.

J. W. McADAM,

Corner of Queen and Terauley Streets.

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CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH A SPARK IS APPLIED.

It was several days before Bloomsbury Place settled down and became itself again after Dolly's departure. They all missed her as they would have missed any one of their number who had chanced to leave them, but Griffith coming in to make his daily visits, was naturally almost disconsolate, and for a week or so refused to be comforted.

He could not overcome his habit of dropping in on his way to and from his lodgings, which were near by, it was a habit of too long standing to be overcome easily, and besides this, he was so far a part of the family circle that his absence from it would have been regarded by its other members as something rather like a slight, so he was obliged to pay them the delicate attention of presenting himself at least once a day. And thus his wounds were kept open. To come into the parlor and find them all there but Dolly, to see her favorite chair occupied by Mollie or Aimee or Winnie, to hear them talk about her and discuss her prospects—well, the fact was, that there were times when he was quite crushed by it.

"I there was any hope of a better day coming," he said to Aimee, who, through being the family sage, was, of course, the family confidante, "if there was only something real to look forward to, but we are just where we were three years ago, and this sort of thing cannot go on for ever. What right have I to hold her to her word when other men might make her happy?"

Aimee, sitting on a stool at his feet and looking sympathetic, shook her head—a small, delicate head—with an air of pretty wisdom in its every movement, Dolly had often declared.

"That is not a right view to take," she said, "and it isn't fair to Dolly. Dolly would be happier with you on a pound a week than she would be with anybody else on ten thousand a year. And you ought to know that by this time, Griffith. It isn't a question of happiness at all."

"I don't mean," he was beginning, but Aimee interrupted him. Her part of this love affair was to plan quaintly for the benefit of the lovers and to endeavor to settle their little difficulties in her own way.

"I am very fond of Dolly," she said.

"Fond of her!" echoed Griffith. "So am I. Who isn't?" But there he was pardonably blinded by partiality.

"I am very fond of Dolly," Aimee proceeded. "And I know her as other people do not, perhaps. She does not show much of her real self to outsiders as they think. I have often thought her daring, open way deceived people when it made them fancy she was so easy to read. She has queer, little, romantic fancies of her own the world never suspects her of—if I did not know her as I do she is the last person on earth I should suspect of cherishing such fancies. The fact is, you are a sort of romance to her, and her love for you is one of her dreams, and she clings to it as closely as she would cling to life. It is a dream she has lived on so long that it has become part of herself, and it is my impression that if anything happened to break her belief in it she would die—yes, die!" with another emphatic shake of the pretty head. "And Dolly isn't the sort of girl to die for nothing."

Griffith raised his bowed head from his hands, his soft, dark, womanish eyes lighting up and his sallow young face flushing.

"God bless her—no!" he said. "Her life has not been free from thorns, even so far, and she has not often cried out against them."

"No," answered Aimee, "And when the roses come no one will see as you will how sweet she finds them. Your Dolly isn't Lady Augusta's Dolly, or Mollie's, or Ralph Gowan's, or even mine, she is the Dolly no one but her lover and her husband has ever seen or ever will see. You can get at the spark in the opal."

Somehow or other, half unconsciously, Griffith was comforted, as he often found himself comforted under the utterances of this modest young family sage. His spirits somewhat toned down and he was readier to hope for the best and to feel warm at heart and actually grateful—grateful for Dolly and the tender thoughts that were bound up in his love for her. The tender phantom Aimee's words had conjured up, stirred within his bosom a thrill so loving and impassioned, that for the time the radiance seemed to emanate from the very darkest of his clouds of disappointment and discouragement. He was reminded that but for those very clouds the girl's truth and faith would never have shone out so brightly. But for her poverty and long probation, he could never have learned how much she was ready to face for love's sake. And it was such an innocent phantom, too, this bright little figure smiling upon him through the darkness, with Dolly's own face, and Dolly's own saucy, fanciful ways, and Dolly's own hands outstretched towards him. To tell the truth, he quite plucked up spirit.

"If old Flynn could be persuaded to give me a raise," he said; and Aimee thought the remark was as old as the Proverbs of Solomon, it was invested with fresh novelty, and he felt quite encouraged as he made it. "It wouldn't take much of an income for two people to live on."

"No," answered the wise one, feeling some slight misgivings, more on the subject of the out-go than the income. "You might live on very little—if you had it."

"Yes," said Griffith, apparently struck by the brilliancy of the observation, "Dolly and I have said so often."

"Let me see," considered Aimee, "suppose we were to make a sort of calculation. Give me your lead pencil and a leaf out of your pocket book."

Griffith produced both at once. He had done it often enough before when Dolly had been the calculator, and had made a sort of half serious joke of the performance, counting up her figures on the tips of her fingers, and making great professions of her knowledge of domestic matters, but it was a different affair in Aimee's hands. Aimee was practically in earnest, and bending over her second cousin's table, with her three little lines on her white forehead, began to set things down with an air at once business-like and vigorous, reading the various items aloud.

"Rent, coals, taxes, food, wages—you can't do your own washing, you know—clothes, etcetera. There it is, Griffith," the odd, tried look settling in her eyes.

Griffith took the paper.

"Thank you," he remarked, resignedly, after he had glanced at it. "Just fifty pounds per annum more than I have any prospect of getting. But you are very kind to take so much interest in it, little woman." "Little woman" was his pet name for her.

She put her hand up to her forehead and gave her wrinkles a little rub, as if she would have liked to rub them away.

"No," she said, in quaint distress. "I am very fond of calculating, so it isn't any trouble to me. I only wish I could calculate until what you want and what you have got would come out even."

Griffith sighed. He had wished the same thing himself upon several occasions.

He had one consolation in the midst of his tribulations, however. He had Dolly's numerous letters, one of which epistles arrived at the office every few days. Certainly they were both faithful correspondents. Tied with blue ribbon in a certain strong box, lay an immense collection of small envelopes, all marked with one peculiarity, namely, that the letters inside them had been at once closely written, and taxed much too tightly packed that a troubled, and wonder they had ever arrived safely at their destination. They bore various postmarks, foreign and English, and were of different tints, but they were all directed in the same small, dashing hand, whose t's were crossed with an audacious little flourish, and whose capitals were so prone to run into the unused little spaces, that they must have been written when Dolly had sojourned with her charges in Switzerland, and some of them were merely notes of appointment from Bloomsbury place, but each of them had its own magnetic attraction for Griffith, and not one of them would he have parted with for untold gold. He could cross these small envelopes by the score, but he had never received one in his life without experiencing a positive throb of delight, which held fresh pleasure every time.

Most of these letters, too, told stories of their own. Some had come when he had been discouraged and down at heart, and they had been so full of tender sympathy, of loving confidence, that by the time he had finished reading them he had been positively jubilant; some, I regret to say, were a little wilful and coquettish, and had so roused him to jealous fancies that he had instantly dashed off a page or so of insane reproach and distrust which had been the beginning of a lover's quarrel; some of them (always written after he had been specially miserable and unreasonable) had been a queer, half-pathetic mixtures of reproach and appeal, full of small dashes of high indignation, and odd little outbursts of penitence, and with such a whimsical, capricious, yet passionate ring in every line that they had seemed less like letters than actual speech, and had almost forced him to fancy that Dolly was at his side, with her face in the flush and glow of one of her prettiest remorseful outbreaks.

And these letters from Brabazon Lodge were just as real, so they at least helped him to bear his trials more patiently than he could otherwise have done. She was far more comfortable than he had expected to be, she told him. Her duties were light, and Miss MacDowlas not hard to please, altogether she was not discontented.

"But that I am away from you," she wrote, "I should say, Brabazon Lodge was better than the Bilbiers. There is no skirmishing with Lady Augusta, at least; and, though skirmishing with Lady Augusta is not without its mild excitement, it is not necessary to one's happiness, and may be dispensed with. I wonder what Miss MacDowlas would say, if she knew why I wear this modest ring on my left finger. When I explained to her casually that we were old friends, she succinctly remarked that you were a reprobate, and feeling it prudent not to proceed with further disclosures, I bent my head demurely over my embroidery, and subsided into silence. I cannot discover why she disapproved of you, unless it be that she has certain strange notions about literary people. Perhaps she will alter her opinion in time. As it is, it can do no harm, whether she knows of our engagement or not. When a fitting opportunity arrives I shall tell her, and I don't say I shall not enjoy the spice of the denouement. In the meantime I read aloud to her, talk, wear wonders in Berlin wool, and play or sing when she asks me, which is not often. In the morning we drive out, in the afternoon she enjoys her nap, and in the evening I sit decorously intent upon the Berlin wonders, but thinking all the time of you and the parlor in Bloomsbury place, where Tod disports himself in triumphant indifference to consequences, and where the girls discuss the lingering possibilities of their wardrobes. You may tell Mollie we are very grand—we have an immense footman, who accompanies us in our walks or drives, and condescends to open and shut our carriage-door for us, with the air of a gentleman at leisure. I am rather inclined to think that this gentleman has cast an approving eye upon me, as I heard him observe to the housemaid the other day, that I was 'a reether interestin' young party,' which mark of friendly notice has naturally cheered me on my lonely way."

Among the people who felt the change in the household keenly, Ralph Gowan may assuredly be included. He missed Dolly as much as any of them did, the fact was; only perhaps he missed her in a different manner. He did not call quite as often as he had been in the habit of doing, and when he did call he was more silent and less entertaining. Dolly had always had an inspiring effect upon him, and lacking the influence of her presence, even Vagabondia lost something of its charm. So, sometimes he was guilty of the impoliteness of slipping into half unconscious reveries of a few minutes' duration, and being thus guilty upon one particular occasion, he was roused, after a short lapse of time, through the magnetic influence of a pair of soft absent eyes fixed upon him, which eyes he encountered the instant he looked up—as he did—with a start.

Mollie—the eyes were Mollie's—dropped her brown lashes with a quick, almost petulant motion, turning a little away from him; so he smiled at her with a sense of half-awakened appreciation. It was so natural to smile so at Mollie.

"Why, Mollie, he said, "what ails us? We are not usually so dull. We have not spoken to each other for ten minutes."

The girl did not look at him; her round childish cheek was flushed, and her brown eyes were fixed on the fire, half proudly, half with a sort of innocently transparent indifference.

"Perhaps we have nothing worth saying to each other," she said. "Everybody isn't like Dolly."

Indeed! He colored slightly, though he smiled again. How did she know he was thinking of Dolly? Was it so patent a fact that even she could read it in his face? It never occurred to him for an instant that there could exist a reason why the eyes of this grown-up baby should be sharpened. She was such a very baby, with her ready blushes and her pettish, lovely face.

"And so you miss Dolly, too?" he said.

She shrugged her shoulders, as if to imply that she considered the question superfluous.

"Of course, I do," she answered; "and, of course, we all do. Dolly is the sort of person it is hard to miss."

She was so petulant about it that, not understanding her, he was both amused and puzzled, and so, by degrees was drawn into making divers gallant, almost caressing speeches such as might have been drawn from him by the chagrined sighs of a charming, wilful child.

"Something has made you angry," he said. "What is it, Mollie?"

"Nothing has made me angry," she replied. "I am not angry."

"But you look angry," he returned, "and how do you suppose I am to be interesting when you look angry?"

"It cannot matter to you," said Miss Mollie, "whether I am angry or not."

"Not matter!" he echoed, with great gravity. "It matters to me cruelly. Just at this particular moment I feel as if I should never smile again."

She softened to her very throat, and then turned round all at once, flashing upon him such an odd, little, piteous, indignant, indescribable glance, as almost startled him.

"You are making fun of me," she cried out. "You always make fun of me. You wouldn't talk so to Dolly." And that instant burst into tears.

He was dumbfounded. He could not comprehend it at all. He had thought of her as being so completely a child, that her troubles were never more than a child's troubles, and her moods a child's moods. He had admired her, too, as he would have admired her if she had been six years old, and he had never spoken to her as he would have spoken to a woman, in the whole course of their acquaintance. She was fairly telling him that he would not have said such things to Dolly. He was both concerned and touched. He was fond of the child—indeed, who was not fond of Mollie—pretty, dress-loving, charming Mollie! What could he do but go to her and be dangerously penitent, and say a great many things earnest, and but not soon to be forgotten? Indeed, her soft, nervous, passionate sobs, of which she was so much ashamed, her innocent tremor and her pretty, wilful disregard of his remorse were so new a sensation to him, that it must be confessed he was not so discreet as he should have been.

"You never speak so to Dolly," she persisted, "nor to Aimee either, and Aimee is only two years older than I am. It is not my fault," petulantly, "that I am only seventeen."

"Fault!" he repeated after her. "It is a very charming fault, if it is one. Come, Mollie," looking down at her with a tender softness in his peculiarly dark eyes, "make friends with me again—we ought to be friends. See—let us shake hands

Of course she let him take her hand and hold it lightly for a moment as he talked, his really honest remorse at his blunder making him doubly earnest and so doubly dangerous. She had scarcely ever had his mind fixed for the time being, and really she occupied his attention so fully for the rest of the evening that he was not at his best in the amusement line again. In half an hour all traces of her tears had fled, and she was sitting on her footstool near him, accepting with such evident delight his efforts at amusing her, that she quite repaid him for his trouble.

After this there seemed to be some concealed bond between them. In all other attractions, he made agreeable headway with Mollie, and was to some extent consoled. He talked to her when he made his visits, and it gradually became an understood thing that they were very good friends. He won her confidence completely—so far, indeed, that she used to tell him her troubles, and he was ready to accept what meed of praise or friendly blame he might think fit to bestow upon her.

It was a few weeks after the above-recorded episode that Griffith arrived one afternoon, in some haste, with a note from Dolly addressed to Aimee, and containing a few hurried lines. It had been enclosed in a letter to himself.

Somewhat unexpectedly Miss MacDowlas had decided upon giving a dinner party, and Dolly was not dine white merino, which she had forgotten to put into her trunk when she had packed it. Would they make a parcel of it and send it by Mollie to Brabazon Lodge?

"You will have to go at once, Mollie," said Aimee, after reading the note. "It will be dark in an hour, and you ought not to be out after dark."

"It is a great deal nicer to be out then," said Mollie, whose ideas of propriety were by no means rigid. "I like to see the shops with those lighted up. Where is my hat? Does anybody know?" rising from the carpet and abandoning Tod to his own resources.

Nobody did know, of course. It was not natural that anybody should. Hats and gloves and such small fry were generally left to provide quarters for themselves in Bloomsbury Place.

"What is the use of bothering," remarked Mrs. Bell, disposing of the difficulty in their non-appearance when required, simply, "they always turn up in time."

And in like manner Mollie's hat "turned up," and in a few minutes she returned to the parlor, tying the elastic under her hair.

"Your hair wants doing," said Aimee, having made up her mind.

"Yes," replied Mollie, contentedly, "Tod has been pulling himself up by it; but it would be such a trouble to do anything to it just now, and I can tuck it back in a bunch. It looks a little fuzzy, and that's fashionable. Does this jacket look shabby, Aimee? It is a good thing it has pockets in it. I always did like pockets in a jacket, they are so nice to put your hands in when your gloves have holes in them."

"Your gloves ought not to have holes in them," commented Aimee.

"But how can you help it if you haven't got the money to buy new ones?" asked Mollie.

"You ought to mend them," said the wise one.

"Mend them!" echoed Mollie, regarding two or three pretty, fine fingers-tips dubiously. "They are not worth mending."

"They were once," said Aimee; "and you ought to have stitched them before it was too late. But that is always our way," wrinkling her forehead with her usual touch of old young anxiousness. "We are not practical. There! take the parcel and be quick, Mollie."

Once on the street, Mollie certainly obeyed her. With the parcel in one arm, and with the other hand thrust into the convenient pocket, she hurried on her way briskly, not even stopping once to look at the shop windows. Quite unconscious, too, was she of the notice bestowed among the passers-by, some of them even turned to look after her more than once, as indeed they often did. The scarlet scarf twisted into a knot under her chin, the jaunty jacket collar, and the bit of scarlet mixed with the trimmings of her hat contrasted artistically with her brown eyes, and added brightness to the color on her cheeks. It was no wonder that men and women alike, in spite of their business-like hurry, found time to glance at her, and turn their heads over their shoulders to look backward, as she made her way along the pavement—it would have been a wonder, indeed, if they had not done so.

It was quite dark when she reached her destination, and Brabazon Lodge was brilliantly lighted up—so brilliantly, indeed, that when the heavy front door was opened, in answer to her ring, she was a trifle dazzled by the flood of brightness in which Dolly's friend, "gentleman at leisure," seemed to stand.

On stating her errand, she was handed over to a female servant, who stood in the hall.

"She was to be hatched in," she heard the footman observe, confidentially to the young woman, "and taken to Miss Crewe's room immediate."

So she was led upstairs and ushered into a pretty bedroom, where she found Dolly sitting by the fire in a dressing-gown with her hair about her shoulders.

She jumped up the moment Mollie entered, and ran to her, brush in hand, to kiss her.

"You are a good child," she said. "Come to the fire and sit down. Did you have any trouble in finding the house? I was afraid you would. It was just like me to forget the dress, and I never missed it until I began to look for it, wanting to wear it to-night. How is Tod?"

"He has got another tooth," said Mollie. "I found it out to-day. Dolly," glancing around, "how nice your room is!"

"Yes," answered Dolly, checking a sigh, "but don't sigh after the fleshpots of Egypt, Mollie. One doesn't see the duller side of life at Bloomsbury Place, at least."

"Is it dull here?" asked Mollie.

Dolly shrugged her expressive shoulders.

"Berlin wool work isn't exciting," she said. "How did you leave Griffith?"

"Low-spirited," replied Mollie. "I heard him tell Aimee this afternoon that he couldn't stand it much longer."

Dolly began to brush her hair, and brushed it very much over her face, perhaps because she wished to take advantage of its shadow, for most assuredly Mollie caught sight of something sparkling amongst the abundant waves almost like a drop of dew.

"Dolly," she said at last, breaking the awkward little sympathetic silence which naturally followed, "do you remember our reading the 'Vicar of Wakefield?'"

"Yes," said Dolly, in a mournful little whisper! she could not trust herself to say more.

"And about the family being 'up,' and then being 'down?' I always think we are like they were. First it is 'the family up,' and then, 'the family down.' It is down just now."

"Yes," said Dolly.

"It will be 'up' again in time," proceeded Mollie, sagaciously, "perhaps."

Dolly tried to laugh, but her laugh was a nervous little effort which broke off in another sob, altogether. Berlin wool work and Brabazon Lodge had tried her somewhat, and—she wanted Griffith. It seemed to her just then such a far distant unreal Paradise that dream of the modest parlor with the door shut against the world, and the green sofa drawn near the fire. Were they ever to attain it, or were they to grow old and tired out waiting, and hoping against hope?

She managed to rally, however, in a few minutes. Feeling discouraged and rebellious was not of a nature that was one of Vagabondia's earliest learned lessons. And what good was there in making Mollie miserable? She sat plucked up spirit and began to comment very favorably upon my work. Come into the parlor, Mr. Bowser."

"If you've gone and made a fool of yourself don't expect any praise from me! What do you call these?"

"Tidies, my dear."

"Horse blankets, you mean! And you've spoiled 'em at that! So that's the way you've wasted your time and money, is it?"

"Aren't they as nice as those you saw at Mrs. Johnson's?"

"Humph! Is there any comparison between a rose and a Hubbard squash?"

"We!, what about my paintings?"

"Paintings? Oh, yes. You furnished an old sheet, I suppose, and hired a house painter to lay in the colors. How much did he charge per day?"

"What is wrong with those paintings, Mr. Bowser? Give me your criticism of this ocean scene."

"Is that what you call it? Well, who ever saw water of that color? And look at those clouds! Why, nobody can say whether they are clouds or tablecloths. Mrs. Bowser, I'm sorry for you."

"Anything wrong with that landscape?"

"Is there anything right? The artist who called that a landscape, and who took your money for learning you to paint it, ought to be in State prison."

"Isn't it as good as Mrs. Johnson's?"

"Isn't it? Mrs. Bowser, am I blind in both eyes?"

"I hope not."

"Do I live in a cave, and do the owls hoot about my ears?"

"Of course not."

"Then don't take me for either a blind man or a greenhorn. Those paintings of Mrs. Johnson's are paintings. You see the real artist in every touch. These are simply daubs, and I doubt if you could get a tea store man to give them away with a pound of fifteen-cent hayseed. No, Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but some one has basely imposed on your credulity. After supper I will take those burlesques down and carry 'em out behind the pig pen.

After supper I told him the true facts in the case. He would not believe me until he had paid another visit to Johnson's, and until he had the word of the artist, and then he gave me an earful that I look which seemed to be composed of bullets, bombshells and dynamite, and went over and kissed the baby and said:

"You poor little thing, how my heart does bleed for you! What a dreadful thing it is to be motherless."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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From Hand to Mouth.

She gave her fingers at parting,
And he tenderly pressed their tips;
And satisfied not, as he bolder grew,
He lifted them to his lips.

His grasp grew ardently closer,
And her face flushed rosily red,
And he swept a kiss from the proper place—
"From hand to mouth," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

Mr. Bowser had been reading for half an hour one evening, when he put down his paper, glanced around at the walls and finally said:

"I was over to Johnson's this afternoon to see his house, and he showed me his parlor. But I guess it was a plan to make me sakamed of my own home."

"Mr. Bowser!"

"You needn't 'why Mr. Bowser' me. If I had a wife like Mrs. Johnson I should be a happy man. She's smarter than a streak of summer lightning."

"In what respect?"

"In all respects. She has been taking lessons in education, and she talks so beautifully. If you would only take a few lessons in reading instead of dawdling around with some old two-cent rug I might have occasion to be proud of you."

"I have been waiting for you to take lessons in oratory, Mr. Bowser."

"Why, what ails you, pan! Be a little careful of your language, Mrs. Bowser! I may not be an orator, but I know something about pronunciation, and I can send a short paragraph without getting my tongue twisted up in a hard knot. Mrs. Johnson also showed me some of her paintings."

"Does she paint!"

"Beautifully. She is one of the finest artists in Michigan. Their parlor walls are covered with her work, and she says it is the product of her talents. While you have been reading novels with your old wrapper on she has gone at it and produced a masterpiece. She also showed me some fancy tidies which were just lovely. She had worked in some deer heads which were as natural as life."

"Well, I don't care for that I haven't done better," I said, as I pretended to wipe away a tear.

"Oh, you needn't cry over it, Mrs. Bowser," he replied. "All people can't be alike, you know. Mrs. Johnson harpened to be gifted. You are not to blame for it. I suppose there are some men in this world smarter than I am."

"Do you really?"

"Well—ahem—well, I was using that in an illustrative sense, you know! Don't feel bad, Mrs. Bowser. There are some good points about you, even if you are not smart."

In about a week I was ready for him. I couldn't hope to elocute successfully in that brief time, but I hunted around and found matters, but it was a tough piece of work.

terns for her tidies. I bought the originals out and out, and then I found that all her paintings were copies from pictures in an artist's studio. I hired three of the finest for a week, and one evening when Mr. Bower came home to tea I said to him:

"Mr. Bowser, I know I am thick-headed and wear No. 5 shoes, and I don't blame you for sometimes getting discouraged with me."

"What's up now?" he asked as he looked around.

"But, nevertheless, I am not a hopeless case," I continued. "I have two or three tidies and two or three paintings I want to show you. It has been a secret with me for many months, but I know you'll forgive me for not giving you a hint."

"Mrs. Bower, have you gone and—and—"

"I'm afraid I'm not much of an artist, but good critics have been pleased to comment very favorably upon my work. Come into the parlor, Mr. Bower."

"If you've gone and made a fool of yourself don't expect any praise from me! What do you call these?"

"Tidies, my dear."

"Horse blankets, you mean! And you've spoiled 'em at that! So that's the way you've wasted your time and money, is it?"

"Aren't they as nice as those you saw at Mrs. Johnson's?"

"Humph! Is there any comparison between a rose and a Hubbard squash?"

"We!, what about my paintings?"

"Paintings? Oh, yes. You furnished an old sheet, I suppose, and hired a house painter to lay in the colors. How much did he charge per day?"

"What is wrong with those paintings, Mr. Bower? Give me your criticism of this ocean scene."

"Is that what you call it? Well, who ever saw water of that color? And look at those clouds! Why, nobody can say whether they are clouds or tablecloths. Mrs. Bower, I'm sorry for you."

"Anything wrong with that landscape?"

"Is there anything right? The artist who called that a landscape, and who took your money for learning you to paint it, ought to be in State prison."

"Isn't it as good as Mrs. Johnson's?"

"Isn't it? Mrs. Bower, am I blind in both eyes?"

"I hope not."

"Do I live in a cave, and do the owls hoot about my ears?"

"Of course not."

"Then don't take me for either a blind man or a greenhorn. Those paintings of Mrs. Johnson's are paintings. You see the real artist in every touch. These are simply daubs, and I doubt if you could get a tea store man to give them away with a pound of fifteen-cent hayseed. No, Mrs. Bower, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but some one has basely imposed on your credulity. After supper I will take those burlesques down and carry 'em out behind the pig pen.

After supper I told him the true facts in the case. He would not believe me until he had paid another visit to Johnson's, and until he had the word of the artist, and then he gave me an earful that I look which seemed to be composed of bullets, bombshells and dynamite, and went over and kissed the baby and said:

"You poor little thing, how my heart does bleed for you! What a dreadful thing it is to be motherless."—*Detroit Free Press.*

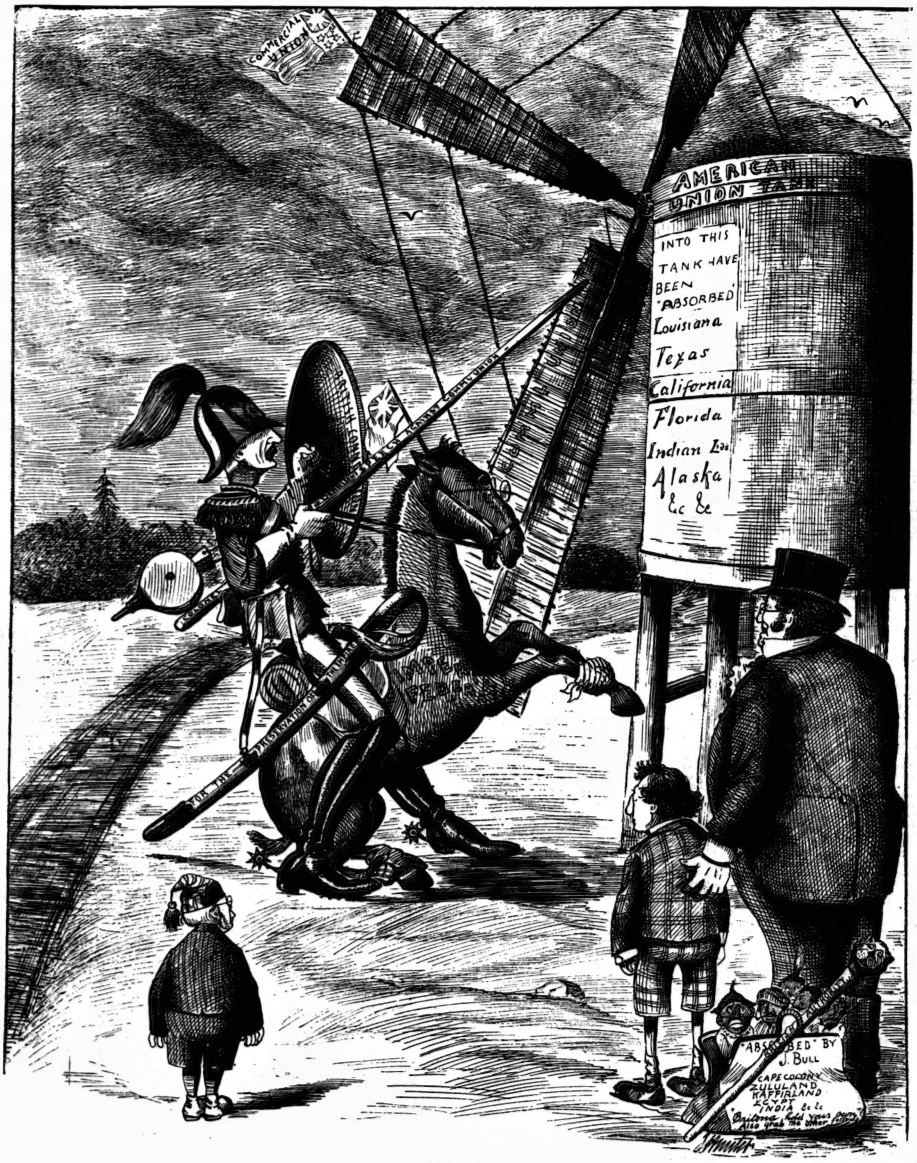
Interior Decorations---Stained Glass.

At 131 Church street, the show rooms of Mr. N. T. Lyon, there is an exceedingly handsome stained glass window which will be placed in the residence of Mr. Millichamp in the park. It consists of three parts, representing Lara, Kaled and Otho, characters from Byron's "Lara." These parts are separated in the window for which they are intended by heavy mullions. Each pane has a richly jewelled border. The canopy and base are in green and gold tints, while the ground work, most artistically arranged to give depth and distance to the central figures, is in ultramarine blues and ruby. But the figures themselves, as they should be in every window, are the principal objects. Looking at them each figure appears to be painted on one pane of glass, though it is divided up by considerable lead work artfully introduced as the shadows of the drapery, so that the light shining through does not bring out any coarse line to mar the beauty of the picture. The armour of Lara and Otho is in silver and gold, the shields of ruby and gold, while the drapery on the armoured figures is of cobalt blue. The boots are russet. Kaled's drapery is old gold, while the frock is of a golden pink. Lara's tunic is lined with crimson, and the overgarment is of purple lined with sea-green. One would imagine it almost impossible to blend the colors, but the whole effect is strikingly beautiful. Though the window is not a very expensive one I doubt if there is anything in Toronto more strikingly artistic. Mr. Lyon has received orders for twenty-three figures for St. Basil's church, and has just placed the largest window in Canada in St. Peter's church, St. John, N. B. His work well deserves the popularity it is obtaining.

VAN.

Sun Life Assurance Company.

We present elsewhere a report of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. It is an annual statement of which any company might be proud, showing that during 1887 2247 life policies were issued, aggregating $3,250,100. There are now in force 9,969 Sun policies for $14,081,377. The year's income amounted to nearly half a million, an increase of over $122,000 over 1886. The friends of Ald. A. H. Gilbert, the manager of the Toronto branch, will be delighted to hear that Mr. R. Macaulay, the managing director, took special pains to point out the splendid proportions to which the Toronto business has grown. The popularity which caused Mr. Gilbert's election to the City Council, his never-failing good nature and reputation for uprightness and unvarying honesty cannot but add to the successes of any business with which he is connected.



Canada's Don Quixote.

A Spoiled Beauty's Romantic Career.

In Chicago a few days ago notice was given at the West, North and Central police stations that a detective was wanted immediately at No. 72 Rosebud street. Officers Kelly and Spirling were summoned, and after some search they found the right numbers in a little back alley which is named so inappropriately. The number was one of a long row of cheerless brick tenements. In a bare rear room on the second floor they found a strange woman. She was seated in a broken rocking chair with a scantily clothed baby in her arms and a little boy about four years old, with a very ragged jacket on, standing by her side. The woman was very good looking, and chose her words as carefully as a college professor. In a few words she explained that there existed in Chicago an organized band of male and female thieves, which confined its operations to the large hotels. Her husband, she discovered months before, was a member of such a gang, she said, and she then determined to take the first opportunity to notify the police.

The officers listened in astonishment while she told the details of her story. She then uncovered a pile of goods in a corner of the room. There were fine camel's hair blankets, costly linen shirts, empty purses, a sealskin cap, heavy overcoats, bedspreads, fine soaps, valises, etc. The officers were convinced, and Monday night arrested Frank Emmett, the trusted watchman at the Sherman House, together with James Boylan and Patrick Needham and several other of the men and women who are supposed to be implicated. Several of the other big down-town hotels have been systematically robbed by certain of their employees, and the police have secured several wagon loads of goods taken from hotels. The woman who gave the first information to the police was asked why she gave her name as Mrs. James Murray, and told the following story of her life, which there is every reason to believe is true:

"My maiden name was Lizzie Josephine Kerns. My father was John Kerns, who, many years before my birth, was Lord Mayor of Dublin city. I was born in Dublin and lived there until I was sent away to go on with my education. Father was wealthy and we were a happy family. There was six sisters of us, and I was the beauty and was spoiled. In the Ursuline Convent, of Thurles, I received my instruction in the higher branches in music and painting. Then I went to Boulogne, France, where I finished my education. Shortly after my return to Dublin, when I was going out in society a great deal, my father died. While we were all still in mourning my mother fell heir to another fortune by the death of a relative in Birmingham, England. Part of the property was a villa and grounds at Aston Park, Birmingham. We moved there the next year. It was a delightful place, and my mother still lives there with my sister, Beatrice. In that villa I was introduced to James Murray, who was then a wealthy shoe manufacturer in Limerick. We were married in 1869 by the Right Rev. O'Sullivan in the Birmingham Chapel. We were not very happy together. Two years after our marriage we moved to Philadelphia. My husband is still in that city. We quarreled a great deal about trivial matters. Finally he sent back to Ireland for some of his poor relatives, and they came to live with him. I left the house and went to New York. He commenced divorce proceedings on the ground of desertion and was granted a bill. In New York I was without a friend and was soon out of money and was forced to go to a cheap hotel and I went to the St. Omar. Frank Emmett was a porter in the hotel and when I was taken sick he befriended me. When I recovered my health I commenced living with him. That was four years ago. Until we moved to Chicago I believed him to be strictly honest. We would have been married, but that, as a Catholic, I am the wife of James Murray, the millionaire, to this day, in spite of the decree."

The officers have investigated the case have found many corroborating circumstances which convince them of the truth of Mrs. Murray's story.

Bishop Luscombe arrived one day at Paddington, and could not find his luggage. He called a porter to find it for him, telling him the name to be read on the articles. The man, very busy with other people, answered hurriedly, "you can go to hell for your luggage." Now Luscombe, who was a somewhat pompous and very bishopy man, was dreadfully shocked, and felt, as he said, as if the porter had struck him in the face. In extreme indignation he demanded where he could speak with any of the authorities, and was told that the board was then sitting up-stairs. So to the board room the bishop went straightway, and announcing himself, made his complaint. The chairman, professing his regret that such offense should have been given, said he feared the man must have been drunk, but that he should be immediately summoned to give an account of his conduct. So the porter, in great trepidation, appeared in a few minutes before the august tribunal of "the board." "Well, sir," said he, in reply to the chairman's indignant questioning, "what could I do? I was werry busy at the time. So when the gentleman says as his name was Luscombe, I could do no better than tell him to go to h'ell for his luggage, and he'd have found it there all right!" "Oh! I see," said the chairman; "it is a case of misplaced aspirate! We have spaces on the wall marked with the letters of the alphabet, and you would have found your luggage at the letter L. You will see that the man meant no offense. I am very sorry you should have been so scandalized, but though we succeed, I hope, in makes our porters civil to our customers, it would be hopeless, I fear, to attempt to make them say L correctly."

Careful of His Reputation.

Lawyer—I have applied for a mandamus in your case.

Client (superintendent of a Sunday-school)—Don't you think it would sound better to make it a mandarnus?"

A Cold Day For Him.

Bagley—Why on earth are you wearing that fall overcoat in this weather, John? Why, the mercury's below zero!

Gagley (sadly)—So is my credit, Tom—so is my credit.

DINEEN'S HATS

We have had our

GREAT HAT OPENING

When 50 cases of Fashionable Hats were offered for inspection. All the celebrated English makes were shown: Heath's, Christy's, Woodrow's and Carrington's. American manufacturers were represented by the

Dunlap Hat of New York

For which we are the sole agents. Besides all these we take an extra pleasure in recommending to our friends

THE DINEEN HAT

In Three Qualties, $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50

Made for us in New York from special directions based on our knowledge of Toronto trade. Call and see it.

W. & D. DINEEN

COR. KING AND YONGE STS.

DRESS SHIRTS

EVENING GLOVES

EVENING TIES

Full assortment in stock of White Dress Shirts, court front, one stud hole in front.

Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs, all prices.

Evening Ties all kinds.

WHEATON & CO.

17 KING STREET WEST

COR. JORDAN.

EVERYWHERE

'Twas a wintry day, just a twelvemonth ago,
As I passed through the country and town
When I noticed a sign on the toll gate and fence
And the streets as they ran up and down
"Try Dorenwend's Magic,"
"Use Dorenwend's Magic,"
'Tis the "Magic" of fame and renown.

This wonderful "Magic" stood out on the boards
Of the real estate agents' big sign,
And it peeped through the cracks of the farmer's old home
With a cheerfulness almost benign,
"Try Dorenwend's Magic,"
"Use Dorenwend's Magic,"
Every spurious "Magic" resign.

It perched itself calmly above the front door
Of the druggist who sold powders and pills,
And it lurked with suspicion on an M. D.'s back gate,
With a promise to cure all your ills.
"Try Dorenwend's Magic,"
"Use Dorenwend's Magic,"
It is beauty and strength it instills.

It captured a place on the light-house tower
Where it shone like a beacon afar,
It mounted the roof of a wayside inn
And painted itself on a star.
"Try Dorenwend's Magic,"
"Use Dorenwend's Magic,"
Now it sells on the market at par.

Dr. Dorenwend's celebrated Hair Magic is not an experiment. It has been widely advertised and thousands to-day can certify to its merits. Restoring color to the hair, invigorating growth, removing dandruff and healing the scalp are its great qualities. Ask your druggist for it.

$1 Per Bottle or Six Bottles for $5

A. DORENWEND, Manufacturer

PARIS HAIR WORKS,

103 and 105 YONGE ST., TORONTO

S. J. DIXON,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Cor. Yonge and King Streets.

FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

JAS. COX & SON

83 Yonge Street

PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS

Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

MISS HARRITA L. CHENEY

(Finished under Mrs. Long of Boston, and Soloist in Henry Ward Beecher's church, and late o New York.)

Teacher of Voice Culture

has organized a class and will take private pupils, apply at R. S. Williams & Co.'s piano rooms, Yonge Street.

MISS CHENEY will accept concert engagements, or as soprano soloist in a choir.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The social event of this week at the capital will be the private theatricals which take place at Rideau Hall on Thursday and Friday evenings. Everything points to the conclusion that these Thespian diversions will be exceedingly interesting and certainly in point of attendances unparalleled even at Rideau Hall. Of course everybody, even of those who are in society, cannot be invited; therefore the inevitable soreness is felt and it will be a pity should have been omitted," is being heard on every hand. The artists who are to take part have been hard at word and it will be found that each one is thoroughly schooled in his or her part. Among the prominent people whose names will appear in the cast will be Lord Frederick Hamilton, Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice, Sir Frederick Middleton and two of Hon. Thos. White's daughters.

The ladies residing at the Russell House are making arrangements to give a ball in the dining room of the hotel in a couple of weeks.

The marriage of Mr. J. F. Gray, civil engineer of Quebec, and Miss Frederika Baillarge, daughter of the deputy-minister of public works, took place at St. Joseph's church on Monday afternoon. It was a very pretty wedding, and possessed additional interest from the fact that there was a little history connected with their wooing. The event may have taken place some months ago, and invitations were out, but a few days before the day appointed the groom was taken ill. The austere Lenten season had begun before he was again able to be about, and therefore the nuptials could not be celebrated until now.

WATCHMAN.

FERGUS.

Commemorative Easter services were held in all our churches last Sunday. Rev. Mr. Torrance of Guelph preached in Melville church in the morning and evening.

The song service given by the Methodist church choir in the evening was largely attended, and the large audience showed by their close attention that they appreciated the selections given. Mr. Hunt has the best trained choir in town, and is to be congratulated on the result of his earnest efforts.

Mr. O'Reilly, manager of the Bank of Hamilton, Listowel, spent Monday with his brother, Dr. O'Reilly.

Miss Kate Strong of Mount Forest visited her friend Miss Pattison, on Tuesday, on her way from Toronto.

Miss Chisholm of Guelph and Mr. Graham Thompson of Toronto were the solo vocalists of the evening. Their well cultivated voices were thoroughly appreciated by the audience, and should they again make their bow before a Fergus audience, may be sure of receiving a warm welcome. The club swinging by Mr. J. McK. Watt's class was a leading feature of the evening, and was deservedly encored. A trio by the Misses Pattison received a hearty recall. The evening's entertainment closed with tableaux given by the Misses Pattison, Morton Griene, Black and Wilson. The ladies and gentlemen who took part were, after the concert, hospitably entertained by Dr. Groves.

CAMEO.

KINGSTON.

On Wednesday of this week, at St. George's cathedral in this city, in the presence of a large congregation, chiefly of the fair sex, Mr. James W. Higgins of Toronto and Miss Strachan of this city, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. Buxton Smith, acting rector. The bride was attended by Miss Florence Hubbel of this city, while the groom was supported by Mr. John Carrick of Toronto. The bride wore a very handsome navy blue traveling costume, with plaid Bengaline skirt, and hat to match. Miss Hubbel's costume was navy blue, with braided white panel vest. After the ceremony a *dejeuner* was served at the residence of the bride's father, Martin Strachan, esq., Queen street, and the happy couple soon after left for a bridal trip east. The bride, who is very popular here, received very many wedding gifts of the most costly description from her hosts of friends. The cathedral choir, of which she was a most valued member, unite with her wide circle of friends and acquaintances in regretting her departure from our city, but with heartiest wishes for her happiness, commend her to the citizens of the Queen City, where she will be a valuable acquisition.

Examination and concert by the pupils of C. Farringer on Friday, April 13th, at 142 Carlton street. Parties who have children to educate and wish to see the results of our peculiar method of teaching can have invitation and programme by sending their address. By attending these exercises they have the best opportunity of forming a correct judgment, as we do not offer free scholarships or lower our prices to secure good performers or musical talents, but simply exhibit our own work in the most thorough and fair manner. C. Farringer.

To Bang or Not Bang, That is the Question.

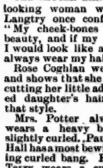
"What do I think of bangs?" said pretty little Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, as she sat n her dainty little drawing-room, far up town nibbling at the end of a small pearl-handled pen.

"Oh, I wear one myself, don't you see? That tells best what I think of them."

"No, I must confess I do not like straight saucer bangs. I don't think bangs are at all wicked! Why shouldn't a woman curl her front hair over her forehead as well as do her back hair up in a knot?" And after propounding this question she went on writing her poem.

Mrs. Dr. Mary Jacobi, who is the foremost woman physician of the day, was interviewed on the subject of bangs.

"Well, as far as my individual taste goes," she said, "I like a girl without a bang best. You can tell then something about her natural intelligence and disposition; but medically, as far as I know there is nothing against a bang as long as it is kept in its proper place and not brought down over the brows. Then there is the danger of the wearer becoming cross-eyed."



THE SAUCER BANG.

"I should be a plain-looking woman without any bang," Mrs. Langtry once confessed to her hair-dresser. "My cheek-bones are too high for actual beauty, and if my high forehead was exposed I would look like a Scotch terrier. So I shall always wear my hair in some kind of a bang."

Rose Coghlan wears a bang on the temples and shows that she approves of saucer bangs by cutting her little adopted daughter's hair in that style.

Mrs. Potter always wears a heavy bang, slightly curled. Pauline Hall has a most bewitching curled bang. Ellen Terry wears a curled bang on the temples, so it would seem as though the professional stage was highly in favor of them.

THE ACTRESSES' FAVORITE.

A lady of fashion, who did not care to have her name published, spoke of bangs.

"The Princess of Wales wears one," said she, "and so does almost every English and American beauty whom I have seen. Heavy, straight bangs are decidedly vulgar in my opinion, except on fair children, but I think a bang softly curled in ringlets is a vast improvement on any woman."

entlemen's Fashions.

THE WALKING SUIT.—For a promenade in the afternoon, after the day's work is finished by the man of business, who can leave his occupation early enough, or for the constitutional of the man idler, much latitude in the matter of dress is allowed.

COAT.—He may don a cut-a-way suit of one piece of cloth, or a dark cut-a-way or Prince Albert coat, with trousers in bright figures, plaids, or stripes, or checks, or mixtures. The dark coat may be of a heavily ribbed material, diagonal or tougher goods, and may be black or blue, or any dark shade.

VEST.—The vest may match the coat, with or without an inner edging of white duck, or it may be of more fancy design, blue, maroon or other colored grounds dashed with small figures in contrasting colors, of which there are innumerable patterns to be had.

SCARF.—The scarf must be either a four-in-hand, a flat, or a de Joinville tied by hand. For colors there is the whole range of the outfitters' stock to draw from, and a touch of brilliancy in the coloring of the neckwear for the street is commendable.

OVERCOAT.—It is the fashion to take your exercise without an overcoat, and in severe weather a heavy undervest of flannel or chamois skin is adopted rather than support the weight of the outside garment.

The walking overcoat is made of light colored venetians or neck cheviots, cut single breasted, fly front, plain edges and soft fronts.

The whole costume should be set off with a boutonniere of white or colored flowers, and the swing of a walking stick should keep time with the rhythm of the step.

The above are hints and styles furnished by Mr. Henry N. Taylor, importing tailor, No. 1 Rossin House block, Toronto.

Railway Personals.

All of the following were in the city this week:

Edson J. Weeks, general agent, Mr. Randolph, traveling agent, N. Y. C. & W. S. Railways, Buffalo, N. Y.

W. E. Fraser, general agent, Buffalo, Samuel L. Seymour, general freight and passenger agent, Williamsport, Pa., both of the N. C. Railway.

C. Sheehy, Canadian passenger agent of Wabash Railway, Detroit, Mich., and Jos. Richardson, traveling agent, same road.

J. N. Bastedo, traveling passenger agent, Santa Fe route.

Joseph Simpson, traveling passenger agent, C. B. & Q. Railway.

Geo. Allen, general northern passenger agent, Buffalo, and S. F. Sharp, traveling passenger agent Erie Ry.

A Prosperous Institution.

The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.

There was a large and enthusiastic gathering of the shareholders and others interested at the annual meeting of the Sun Life Assurance Company held at its office St. James street, Montreal, on Friday, the 16th March. The President, Mr. Thomas Workman, occupied the chair.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER, 1887.

It is with much gratification that the Directors present their report of the transactions of the Company during the past year. Both in magnitude and profitableness the business has been almost everything they could desire.

The applications for new assurances were 2,436 for $3,501,924.44, of which 2,247 for $3,250,100.06 were accepted and policies issued therefor.

The life policies now in force are 7,128 for $10,575,777.69 on 5,741 lives. We have, moreover, $5,207,600 insured under 1,840 accident policies, so that the total current contracts of the Company are 8,969 for $14,031,377.69.

The income for the year shows the very large increase of $122,331.23 over the figures of 1886, the total being $485,831.54. The magnitude of this sum may be better understood by pointing out that it is equal to $1,600 for every working day in the year, and this, too, without including the large repayments which the Company is constantly receiving on account of previous investments. This increase for the one year is, moreover, now as large as the total income was only a few years ago.

The assets have also been largely augmented, and now amount, including capital, to over $1,750,000.

As may be seen from the accounts, nearly $200,000 was returned to policyholders during the year in death claims, matured endowments, profit, etc. It was by far the largest sum the company has ever yet so distributed, and shows that we are each year fulfilling more completely and more satisfactorily our mission in protecting the widows and orphans of the land, and also providing for the necessities of the old age of our policyholders themselves. At the same time it must be remembered, that as the greater part of the accumulated surplus of the preceding five years, as it stood at the end of 1886, has been paid away to policyholders during the year, the sum now to our credit as surplus is almost entirely the result of the one year's transactions, and that this should amount to over $75,000 is exceedingly encouraging, and leads us to expect very large profits at the next division.

Although the amount paid in death claims shows an increase, this is only the natural result of the increasing business of the Company and the advancing age of its members. The total has been well within the predictions of our mortality tables, and this is the best evidence possible of the great care taken in the selection of the risks.

In all the details of its business as above, new assurances, amount now in force, income, assets and surplus earned, the past year stands out as the best the Company has had, and we believe that we are yet only at the beginning of its prosperity.

The Company has, during the past year, realized on a large amount of real estate held by it, and after providing abundantly for all possible losses on remaining property, has been able to take credit for $8,500 surplus from this source. The total profit made on real estate and debentures sold was $11,472. This of itself is high testimony to the character of the investments, and the directors do not hesitate to state their belief that nearly every asset on the books could be realized, if desirable, of at a profit. The mortgage account could certainly be transferred en bloc at a premium.

The books and accounts have, as usual, been carefully audited by Messrs. P. S. Ross & Sons, who have not only checked the entries and vouchers, but by communicating personally with every borrower, have ascertained absolutely that the amounts stated to be due are correct. A Committee of Directors have, moreover, personally scrutinized every bond, mortgage or other security held by the Company, and certify everything to be in perfect order.

The Directors who retire this year are Messrs. Thomas Workman, Hon. A. W. Ogilvie and Robert Anderson, all of whom are eligible for re-election.

R. MACAULAY, Managing Director. THOMAS WORKMAN, President.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR 1887.

INCOME.

Premium—Life	$ 498,768 60	
Accident	18,550 42	
	$ 517,319 02	
Less paid for re-assurance	2,543 24	
		$ 484,775 78
Interest		58,088 53
Rents		1,545 23
Profit on real estate and debentures sold		11,472 00
Total income		$ 495,831 54

DISBURSEMENTS.

Dividends on capital		$ 6,250 00
Death claims, including bonuses	76,657 53	
Matured endowments, including bonuses	19,406 13	
Annuity payments	1,217 80	
Accident claims	8,589 11	
Profits paid policyholders	74,501 93	
Surrender values	14,660 15	
		$ 194,732 65
Expense account		79,457 02
Commissions		39,235 95
Medical fees		8,306 60
Total disbursements		$ 327,972 52
Surplus over disbursements		167,859 02
		$ 495,831 54

ASSETS.

Debentures—City of New Westminster, market value	$ 3,340 00	
Town of Belleville	6,540 00	
" Cornwall	6,789 00	
" Sorel	1,075 00	
" St. Mary's	2,858 30	
" Iberville	3,030 00	
" Richmond	2,040 00	
" Richmond school bonds	9,600 80	
" St. Jerome	24,600 00	
" Vaudreuil water works	21,128 00	
" Smith's Falls	1,070 00	
Village of Cote St. Louis	36,008 00	
" Gravenhurst	5 047 00	
" Midland	3,762 50	
Strecatville	2,180 00	
" Wyoming	3,456 00	
Township of North Stukely	6,480 00	
" Ashborough	875 00	
" Mariposa	1,326 50	
Parish of St. Gregoire	6,065 00	
Montreal Turnpike Trust	2,912 00	
		$ 136,762 60
Stock—Montreal Loan & Mortgage Co., market value		27,082 50
Loan to Hamilton Provident & Loan Co. Stock (market value $1,440)		390 00
Loan on Real Estate, first mortgages		891,649 41
Real Estate		31,358 36
Loans on Company's Policies (reserves on same held)		64,388 11
Cash on hand and in bank		18,259 87
Bills receivable		1,444 62
Office furniture		3,350 70
Agents' balances		3,379 00
Commuted commissions		10,061 00
Interest due		6,861 66
Rents due and accrued		232 50
Outstanding Premiums on Policies in force (composed largely of amounts on which the days of grace are current)	$68,545 20	
Deferred Premiums	39,174 55	
	$107,719 75	
Less 10 per cent. for collection	10,771 97	
(The reserves on these policies included in the liabilities are over $230,000)		$96,947 78
Sundries		388 51
		$1,312,504 48
Capital stock subscribed, but not called up		437,500 00
Total assets		$1,750,004 48

LIABILITIES.

Life Reserves (Institute of Actuaries H m table 4½ per cent. interest)	$1,125,729 47	
Annuity reserves	9,769 39	
	$1,135,489 86	
Less reserves on policies re-assured	3,905 24	
		$1,131,584 62
Unearned Accident Premiums		9,594 10
Death claims (life) reported but not proved or awaiting discharge		17,016 20
Ditto resisted		2,000 00
Profits due policyholders		6,356 66
Sinking fund deposited for debentures		6,547 73
Total Liabilities		$1,174,499 31
Cash surplus to policyholders	$ 138,005 17	
Capital paid up	$ 62,500 00	
Surplus over all Liabilities and Capital stock	75,505 17	
	$ 138,005 17	
(Including uncalled capital the surplus to policyholders is $575,505 17.)		$1,312,504 48

In moving the adoption of the report, the President expressed the great satisfaction he felt in doing so, and said that although it had been his privilege as President of the Company since its inception to present many gratifying statements, yet none of the past ones approached the present ones in all the elements of sound progress and financial prosperity, and he had no doubt that all his hearers were of the same opinion. The statements presented are so clear and so minute that comment was almost unnecessary. The new business was the largest received in any one year, and was surpassed by that of only one regular Canadian life company, which is, however, many years our senior. The income and assets have made marked advances and the year's surplus is most encouraging. The Company continues the plan of paying claims immediately after the receipt of proper proof of death and title. He might mention as an illustration one case among a great many, where the widow of a policyholder handed in the proof of papers on Tuesday afternoon and on Wednesday morning a cheque was handed her for the full amount of the policy and accumulated profits. "He pays twice who pays promptly." With regard to the assets, he could speak of their high character, and he and his fellow Directors on the Auditing Committee checked over the mortgages and examined and cancelled deed in the Company's favor, apparently without end, he had frequently expressed his surprise where all the money had come from to accumulate such a handsome total.

The Hon. A. W. Ogilvie, Vice-President, seconded the adoption of the report. He had always taken a deep interest in the Company, and he felt the greatest pleasure in witnessing the rapid and solid progress made, especially of late years. Although he never had any doubt that it would in the course of years take a first position among our financial institutions, he did not expect to see it so very far forward in 1888. It took the first ten years of its existence to have an income equal to the gain, or overplus, alone of last year, over the total of the previous year.

Mr. Charles Cushing remarked that in round numbers the business had increased during last year by 1,000 policies, covering $1,500,000, while the expense account has been proportionately considerably reduced. This was very satisfactory. As the Company's Notary, he was in a position to judge as to the Company's investments, and he could testify that amongst his clients there was no financial institution which exercised more care and prudence in the selection of loans than the Sun Life.

Upon motion of Messrs. C. Alexander and N. Death, a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the President and Directors for their efficient conduct of the Company's business during the past year, which had produced such a remarkably satisfactory report as that now before them.

Mr. James Tasker then moved, and Mr. W. J. Withall seconded, a vote of thanks to the Managing Director, staff, Medical Referee and Agents.

Mr. Macaulay, the Managing Director, said the report was a true exhibit of the year's transactions and of the financial position of the Company. The Directors were as much pleased with it as he. He returned thanks on behalf of himself, the Actuary and office staff for the reference to them in the resolution of thanks. The Company is fortunate in having such a medical referee as Dr. Wilkins and such a painstaking legal adviser as Mr. Selkirk Cross. As for the army of agency workers, he wished them to know that those at the head office are fully alive to the difficulties of their position and appreciate the zeal and devotion displayed by them. An honest, truthful life agent has an amount of worry that few know of. He can meet fair competition, but untrue or distorted criticism or exorbitant estimates are often hard to face. The Toronto branch is fast assuming splendid proportions under the management of Mr. Gilbert. Mr. Hurst, the Western Inspector, and many others, also deserve praise for their energy and success. The Messrs. Junkin, of Brockville, and Noel Hill, of Peterborough, have done good service. Belleville, under Mr. Mackintyre; British Columbia, under Mr. Crane; Manitoba, under Messrs. Gilroy and Anderson; the North-West, under Mr. Boyd, and the Maritime Provinces, under Mr. Hendershot, are all becoming more important each year. Mr. Ridout, of Sherbrooke, devotes himself chiefly to accident business, and deserves special mention as a most efficient and reliable agent. The insurance department at Ottawa requires annually a detailed list of all the mortgages of the Company, and the particulars of the properties covered by them. Some of the totals are interesting. The valuations placed by the Company's own appraisers on the properties mortgaged are:

Lands only	$ 973,675
Buildings only	1,252,253
Making a total security of	$ 2,225,928

on which has been loaned $891,908.48. The security is therefore about two and a half times the amount loaned. This showed the quality of the mortgage account. It is a pity to see Canadians sending their premiums out of the country, and thus impoverishing Canada and helping to build up foreign cities, when by investing with our home institutions they can help in building up our own country, and receive as the same time as great advantages as they can possibly get by going abroad.

Mr. T. B. Macaulay explained some items in the report. The reserves or liabilities, for insurance, are calculated on a very strict basis —the H m table of the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain, which is the legal standard of the Dominion, and provides for a heavier mortality than any other tables in use in modern times. He referred also to a new rule which had been adopted during the last year that all policies issued since the last division of surplus. The profits are to be divided every five years from the year of the issue of the policy and not every five years from the company's foundation as at present. The new plan was much the more equitable of the two and would ensure much larger profits to be divided to policyholders, since it is well known that the great majority of the policies cancelled are less than five years old, and as no profits will now be given until a policy is five years old, there will be the same amount of profit to divide among a smaller number of members, and each one will therefore get more than under the old rule. The change is a very desirable one for all those who keep their policies in force, and will, no doubt, help to make the company still more popular even than now.

Mr. A. H. Gilbert, Toronto, manager for Western Ontario, expressed thanks for himself and the agents of Western Ontario for the reference to them in the resolution, and also for the very kind and gratifying allusions made by the managing directors and others. He had anchored in Toronto for the Sun Life, and so long as the present enlightened, upright and liberal policy of the Company is continued he will be only too glad to be its representative there. The report is everything an agent could well desire.

A number of other gentlemen spoke, all expressing unqualified pleasure at the position of the Company.

The retiring directors were re-elected unanimously.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

TORONTO.

Barbour, Mrs. James W., on 29th ult.—a son
Cassels, Mrs. Hamilton, on 3rd inst.—a daughter
Dower, Mrs. Geo. W., on 1st inst.—a son
Lancefield, Mrs. Richard T., on 4th inst.—a son
Mason, Mrs. J. Herbert, on 2nd inst.—a son

Campbell, Mrs. Dr. A. J., at Cartwright, on 2nd inst.—a son
Keane, Mrs. William, at Stratford, on 27th ult.—a son
Lawrence, Mrs. E. G., at Montreal, on 3rd inst.—a son
McCallum, Mrs. C. J., at Colborne, on 30th ult.—a son
Pease, Mrs. Edson L., at Montreal, on 29th ult.—a daughter
Roy, Mrs. James Y., at Montreal, on 28th ult.—a son
Sefton, Mrs. Walter H., at Cornwall, on 31st ult.—a son
Wallace, Mrs. W., at Brampton, on 29th ult.—a son
Brooke Mrs. J. H., at London, on 28th ult.—a son
Hutchison, Mrs. E. A., at London, on 4th inst.—a son
McAlpine, Mrs. D., at London South, on 2nd inst.—a son
Pingel, Mrs. Dr., at London, on 31st ult.—a son
Watts, Mrs. W., at London, on 27th ult.—a son

Marriages.

Brown, W. H., to Caroline Mitchell, at Hamilton, on 2nd inst., by Rev. Dr. Mockridge
King, John George, to Mary Jane Hewson, at Hamilton, on the inst., by Rev. William Massey, M. A.
Christie, William H., of Oxford Mills, to Nina Cummings, at Kemptville, on 28th ult., by Rev. R. J. McDiarmid
McClintock, William, to Mary Bell, at MacLeod, Alberta, on 24th ult., by Rev. W. Bridgman
Price, F. W., of Troy, to Edith L. Raymond, of Toronto, at Buffalo, on 22nd ult., by Rev. S. R. Fuller
Tom, John Elgin, to Margie C. Dickson, at Goderich, on 28th ult., by Rev. Dr. Ure
Bedingfield, Philip, to Catherine Jane Watson, of Montreal, at New York, on 24th ult., by Rev. Winchester Donald, D.D
Balls, Alfred Z., to Amelia C. Arnold, on 4th inst., by Rev. G. M. Milligan
Moncrief, William G., to Annie L. Larkin, on 4th inst., by Archbishop Lynch, assisted by Rev. Father Melfride
Rea, Isaac W., to Sarah James, on 28th ult., by Rev R. Longley, B.A

Deaths.

TORONTO.

Bendelari, Enrico, on 29th ult., aged 49
Cook, William C., on 3rd inst., aged 87
Guitset, Fannie F., daughter of Fregi B., on 3rd inst., aged 4
Graham, Mrs. Ann, on 3rd inst., aged 86
Mike, Mary L., on 3rd inst., aged 20.
Tiborne, Bertie, daughter of John, on 2nd inst., aged 10

Borland, Rev. John, at Montreal, aged 80
Hawkins, Elizabeth in the West Toronto Junction, on 4th inst
Leggo, William, at Winnipeg, on 31st ult., aged 67
Muir Andrew G., at Grimsby, on 1st inst., aged 57
Moore, Isaac, at Strathroy, on 3rd inst., aged 72
Smith, Rush Henry, at Montreal, on 2nd inst., aged 25
Smith, Thomas, of Norway, at Barrie, on 2nd inst, aged 19
Wardrope, Sarah, wife of Rev. Thomas, at Guelph, aged 66
Whitehe W. F., at Ottawa, on 2nd inst., aged 59
Cogdon, Stephen, at St. Thomas, on 1st inst., aged 60
Orr, Mrs. Ann, at London, on 1st inst., aged 67

GREAT FAILURES

Seem to be the order of the day, but we are proud to be able to announce that our opening on Wednesday was unanimously voted by the thousands of Ladies who attended

THE GREAT SUCCESS

of the Season. The attendance was much larger than we anticipated, and the amount of our sales far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Our full staff were kept busy from morning until night. The greatest attraction was our newly-fitted MANTLE SHOW ROOM, where the attendants without intermission, even for eating, simply waited upon as many Customers as they possibly could. We were sorry that so many had to leave this department without being served, but we know you will come again, and, with an increased Staff and more Stock brought forward from reserve, we feel confident that we can supply your wants. Our new Spring Styles in JACKETS, WRAPS and CLOAKS are pronounced by all to be the Very Choicest Assortment ever shown in the City.

Our Stock of Jerseys is replete in all sizes, and are marked at prices to astonish everybody. We also have a Large and Choice Assortment of Boating Shawls, ranging from $1 up. Our Stock of Spring Cloakings is very select, comprising all the Newest Patterns and Shades. The reputation of the house in Ordered Mantles is unexcelled, and will be fully maintained.

A NEW DEPARTMENT

We have added to the business of the old firm a complete stock of COLORED DRESS GOODS and TRIMMINGS comprising the newest and choicest novelties in Combination Suitings, and plain materials in all colorings, at prices which upon examination will be found lower than the lowest. Being a new department we have no old stock. Everything fresh and new. SILKS, SATINS, MERVS, VELVETS, PLUSHES and BROCADES.

MOURNING DEPARTMENT

In this Department will be found a choice selection of goods for family and complimentary mourning as HENRIETTAS, CRAPE CLOTHS, ARMURES, JET CASHMERES, VENETIANS and ELASTIC CORDS.

DRESSMAKING

No misfits. Every garment guaranteed. Our success in this Department is unapproachable.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES

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(Successors to J. PITTMAN & CO.),

218 YONGE STREET, COR. ALBERT

The College Song That the Professor Wrote.

THE question, "Who write the college songs?" can be answered in a general way. They are written by gay and festive college boys, usually, before the duties and cares of life have cast their shadows upon their young and blithesome hearts. "Let me write the songs of the campus," says one of these troubadours, "and I care not who break the laws."

There was a jolly gathering at the club of a Greek letter society the other night. It was their annual dinner, and there were graduates from the leading colleges in the land present, most of whom are now residents of New York—professional men, such as lawyers, doctors, journalists, etc., business men and men of leisure. The toasts and speeches which supplemented the dinner were interspersed with college songs, mainly from the fraternity song book. A particularly jolly one sung to the tune of Little Brown Jug, relates a conflict which a student had with a peeler late at night, who caught him noisily singing. The student is

ARRESTED BY THE PEELER

and taken to the station house. The next morning the peeler takes him up to Court, but the judge recognizes in the student a brother of his own fraternity and lets him off, greatly to the disgust of the peeler.

After the song had been rattled off with the usual animation, for it is a favorite with the fraternity, a potent, grave and reverend professor from an Eastern college, who was a guest of the club, arose to speak in response to a toast. He began by blushingly acknowledging that he was the author of the Peeler song. But he wrote it when he was a young and thoughtless sophomore, and he trusted that he would not be judged too harshly for it. He would say however, that the subject of the song was almost wholly fictitious. During his college days students were not accustomed to engage in gladiatorial sports with peelers, nor were they forced to spend a night in the station house for singing fraternity songs late at night—at least not at Princeton. He felt that this explanation was due not only to himself as the author of the song, but also to college students generally, who were really not as bad as they had sometimes been painted. They had their jokes and their frolics, as was natural to youth and exuberant spirits, but he could not recall an instance in his college days when they had set themselves up against the constituted authorities in a way that resulted in their being incarcerated in a prison cell. He had sometimes regretted that he wrote the song, on account of the wrong impression that it might convey to the small but somewhat influential portion of the community that existed outside of college walls, but it was done and could not be recalled. He could only say that if he had waited until the present day that song would never have been written.

Gravely as the Professor made this explanation, there was nevertheless a twinkle in his eye and a whimsical expression on his face, which intensified as the younger members broke in with a verse:

"Peeler takes me up to Court,
Shows his map and makes report.
Then says Judge C, 'Oh! let him be,
He's a brother of mine—a D. K. E.'"

And the Professor, losing all of his stiffness and coldness, joined heartily in the chorus:

"Ha! ha! ha! D. K. E.,
Shoo fly! peeler, g'way from me."

THE PROFESSOR.

The young man had asked him for the hand of his daughter and a pang wrung the fatherly heart of Mr. Kajones as he looked at the youth for some moments in silence and thought of the bitterness of parting with his well-beloved child. "I suppose, Oliver," he said at last, "it is only natural and right that when the young birds become old enough to fly they should leave their parental nest and go off with their chosen mates to build nests of their own, and it hurts, Oliver; it hurts when I think of my fledgelings getting ready to fly away." "This seems to be a good-sized nest," suggested the young man, anxious to soften the blow; "perhaps you'd rather have me and Alvira stop right here."

"Clara," said the old man from the head of the stairs, "hasn't that young man gone yet?" "Your daughter isn't here," feebly responded the young man. "She has just stepped into the kitchen to fill and trim the lamp."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

O. B. SHEPPARD, Manager.

WEEK COMMENCING **MONDAY, APRIL 9**

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

FAREWELL ENGAGEMENT

THE BRIGHTEST, MERRIEST AND BEST COMIC OPERA

—ERMINIE—

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COMPLETE COMPANY OF 60 PERSONS
ALL THE SPECIAL SCENERY
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700---NIGHTS RUN IN NEW YORK CITY---700

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MONDAY, APRIL 9th

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Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday

ATKINSON'S COMEDY COMPANY

PECKS BAD BOY

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The Well-Known Grocery,
Bright and Taking Music.
The Bad Boy's Pranks.

They will make you smile, titter, laugh, scream and yell.

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GREAT MUSICAL EVENT!

GRAND CONCERT

Under the auspices of the Lodges of the I. O. O. F., Toronto District, in celebration of the

Sixty-Ninth Anniversary of Oddfellowship

Mrs. Humphrey Allan, of Boston, Mass., soprano. Miss Clara E. Barnes of Buffalo, contralto; Miss Agnes Knox, elocutionist; Mrs. Guing, pianist; Mr. Charles E. Stevens of Detroit, tenor; Mr. W. E. Ramsay, humorist; Mr. H. M. Blight, baritone and musical director.

HORTICULTURAL GARDENS,

THURSDAY, APRIL 26TH

Tickets, 50c. Seats may be reserved without extra charge at A. & S. Nordheimer's on and after Monday, April 23, at 10 a.m.

Knox

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Would be pleased to see all my old customers and as many new ones as will favor me with a call. I have in hand all the latest styles and makes. First-class goods and low prices my motto.

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We have opened up our immense stock of

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Which are unrivalled for style and quality. Kindly give us a call.

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Young Toronto Lacrosse Club

GRAND

CONCERT

AND ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

Shaftesbury Hall, Thursday, April 12, 1888

Under the patronage of His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke.

THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS WILL TAKE PART

Soprano—Miss Adelaide Lawson. Contralto—Miss Z. Walters. Tenor—Mr. J. J. Jerome. Humorist—Mr. W. E. Ramsey. Violin Soloist—Prof. Flynn. Harmony Quartette Club Accompanist—Miss Sullivan, Toronto Conservatory. Fencing—Sergt. Parr, late Instructor H. M. 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars. Club Swinging—Messrs. A. E. Hurst and W. J. Parkhill, members of the club. Horizontal Bar and Ladder Balancing—Messrs. C. H. Dorenwend, E. Corlett and Wm. Bland. Fencing and Boxing—By members of the club and others. Spadina Avenue Orchestra, composed of members of the club. Mr. J. D. Bailey, O.L.C., master of ceremonies. Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

General Admission, 25c. Reserved Seats, 50c.

Plans will open April 5th at Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons, Piano Warerooms, 107 Yonge street.

J. E. BELL, President. W. CURRAN, Sec.-Treas.

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SPRING OVERCOATS

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Green Turtle Soup

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ADMISSION 50c., CHILDREN 25c.

Every Saturday Night from 7 to 10:30

ADMISSION 25c.

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"WIDOWER JONES"

Will be out next week in book form. Price in paper in handsomely designed paper cover 30 cents; bound in cloth and gold 60 cents. Order at once, either direct from THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO., or through your newsdealer.

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The DOMINION COMPANY possesses the most complete manufactory in British America, employs the most skilful workmen and the best materials, and there is no reason to believe that it cannot manufacture as good instruments as the best in the United States. As evidence that they do, witness their extended Foreign and Home Trade; their long list of First Prizes obtained at home in honorable competition, being more than all other companies in Canada put together, the unanimity of the voice of the press in their praise—the honorable mention of the rapid growth of this Company and its proud position in European centers, made by our public men in their speeches; the honorable distinction conferred by our Governor-General, Lord Lansdowne, in the selection of a "Dominion" Piano for Rideau Hall; the partiality shown them by Toronto musicians in the selection of Dominion Pianos for over 200 of their public concerts within the last twelve months, and the enormous increase in the city business alone of over 800 per cent. within the last four years.

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Are now refitting and enlarging in the most artistic, convenient and modern manner their extensive warerooms on King street west, already the largest and best stocked in Canada.

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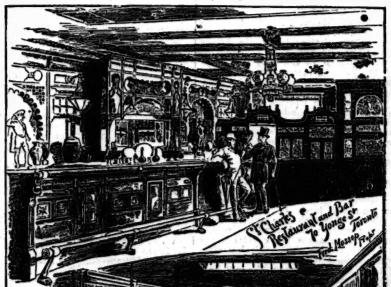

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If there was nothing genuine there would be nothing to counterfeit.

And if pure goods can be had anywhere, that's the place to go, but be sure the place has a good name before you enter it or you may be pursuaded to invest, much to your own disadvantage.

If you intend entertaining your friends do it well or they will not consider your friendship worth anything. If you do not know what would be nice—or what would be the proper thing to do—you can get valuable aid by asking for information at Harry Webb's 447 Yonge street it will not cost you anything, or, if you prefer it, you can leave it all to him, and you will find it as safe in his hands as in your own. Send for estimates, or send your orders to

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